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cover: The romantic look—going on into spring, on into evening. . . . Layers and layers of midnight-sky chiffon floating for miles from a thickly encrusted band of jewels. (More about this—and other romantic spring evening looks—page 68.) Dress by George Halley; of Stern & Stern silk chiffon. K.J.L. belt of turquoise and pearly beads worn in the hair. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress also at Nan Duskin; Sakowitz. Coiffure: Alan of Kenneth.

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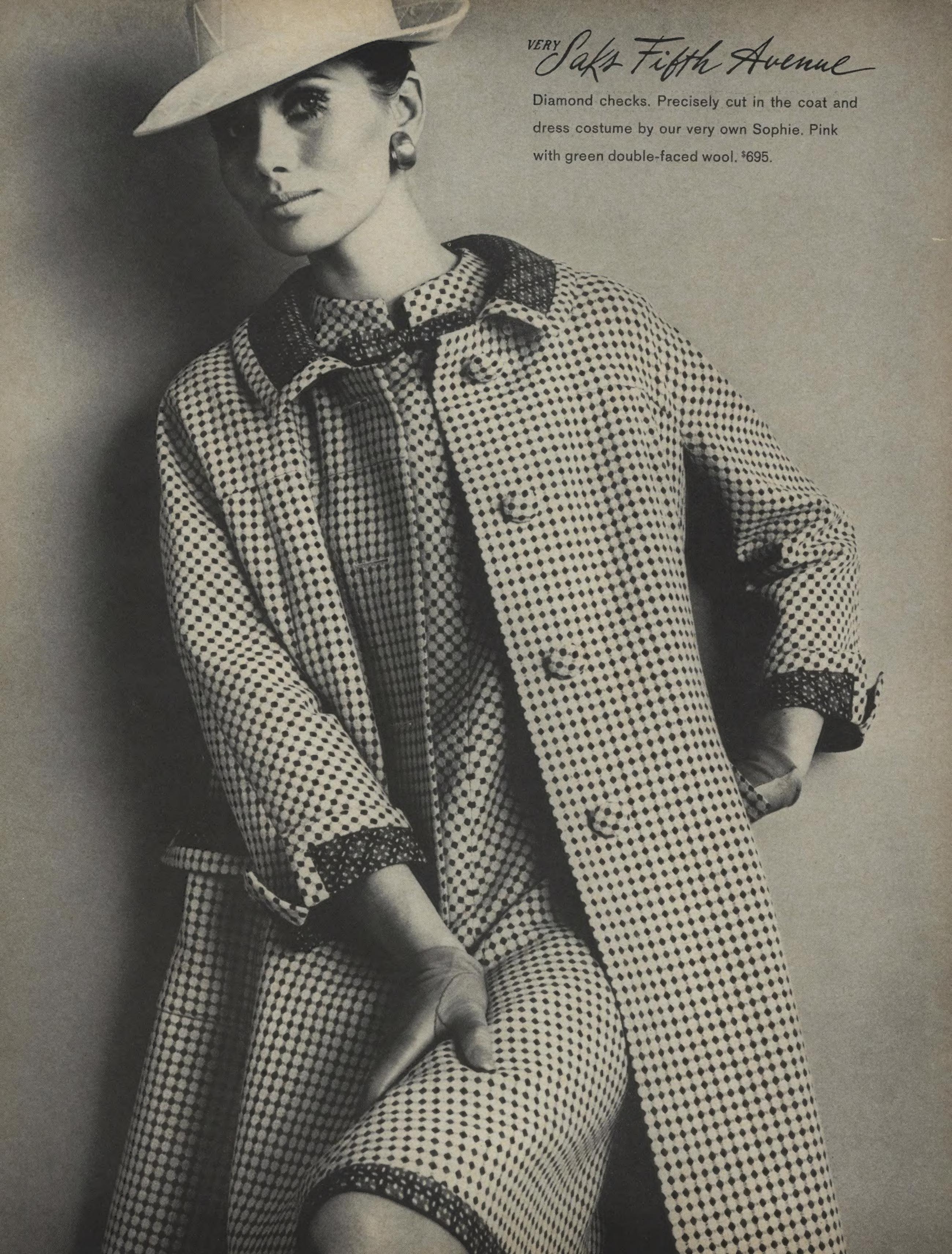




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that ayres look-

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To the left,
Pauline Trigere states
That Ayres Look in a
flippant little jacket
cropped high to reveal
the wide belted waist
giving way to a soft
swing of pleats.
Navy with a glimpse
of geranium.

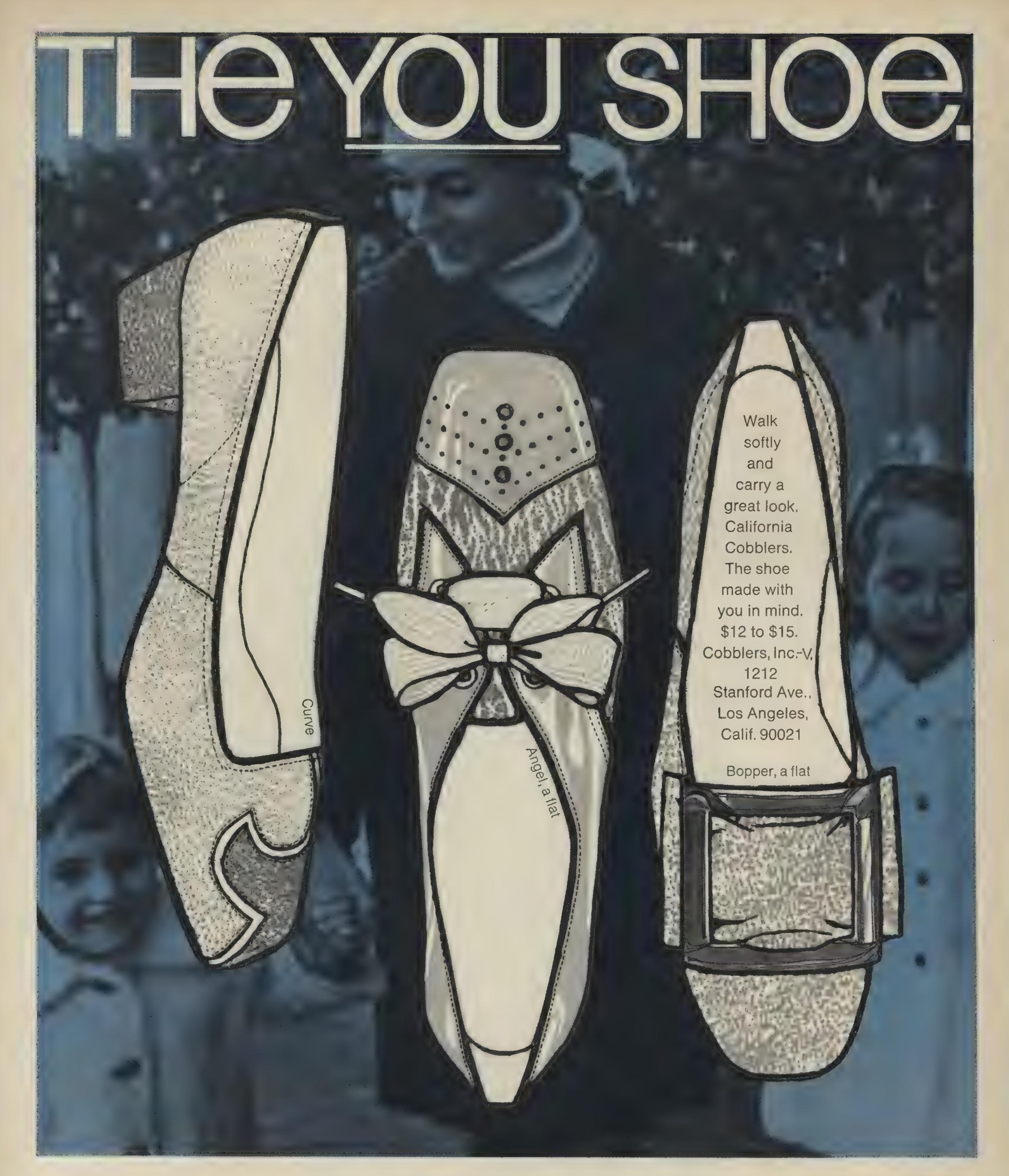
To the right,
Geoffrey Beene sees
That Ayres Look
in a billowy poet's shirt
of white silk beneath a
black tunic with incurved
lines belted high.

Beret and Bow by Adolfo

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California California

IT'S SMARTER. BUT SOFTER. IT HAS TO BE CREPE.



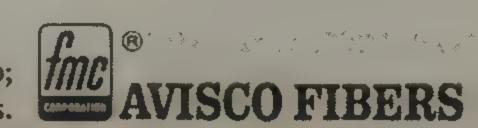
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The sleeveless Mandarin neck dress comes in black, bone, powder and apricot. Sizes 8 to 16.

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walks softer, Shugor braid comes out on top because its staying power and styling potential never fade in the stretch. No amount of stress or strain will take the edge off Shugor's ability to remember its place...there will never be any slip-up-or-down with this slip-on. For the top in casual shoes...Hush Puppies® topped with Shugor.





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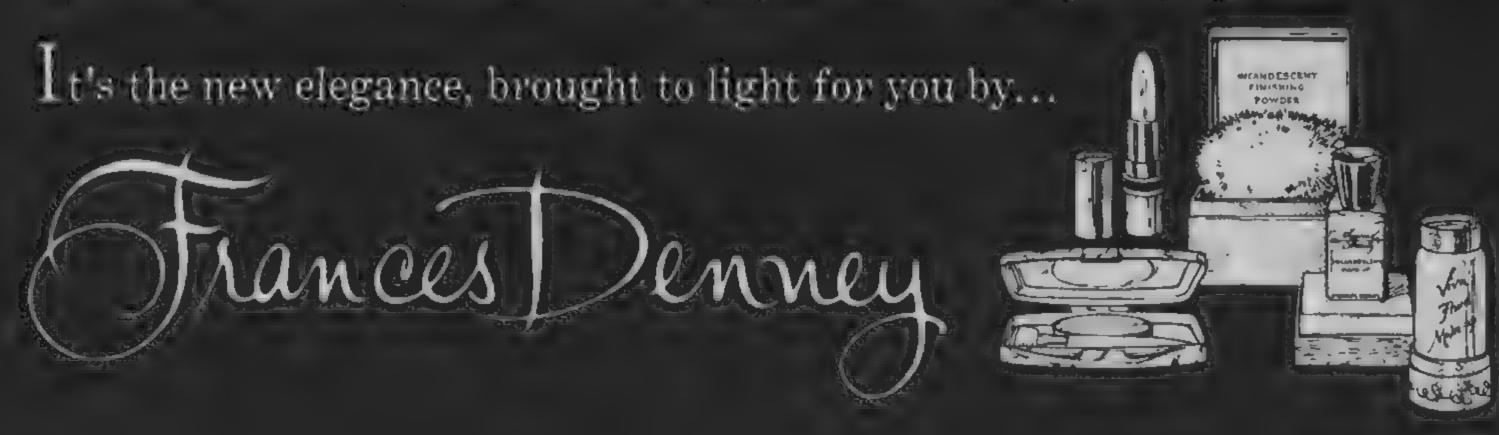




fashioning THE ELEGANT FACE

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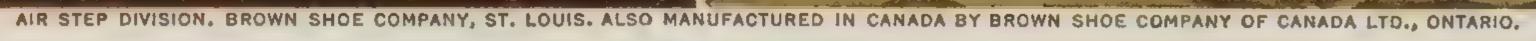
"My kind of shoe"

I'm delighted with the frilly new Prettygirl look. But I also believe in sleek simplicity. Like this one-piece knit. And my kind of shoe is Air Step. Nothing extravagant except that wonderful, wonderful walking-on-Air Step feeling. Clockwise, from upper left: STACCATO: brass-studded buckle. STAND-IN: fashion squared-away. REGALIA: double T-strap on blocky heel. BALLET: high-pitched vamp with pretty ring. Air Step Shoes, \$15 to \$20.

Air Step.













Ever wear something that made you feel Saturday night on a Thursday afternoon? Well Mills like that.

Make any day merry in a timeless knit go-together of Dacron® polyester bouclé from our full fashioned Travler® collection designed by Cecil Raspberry. Short sleeve printed pullover with daisy design and zippered back. Sizes 34-40, about \$13*. To be worn over the lined slim skirt. Sizes 8-18, about \$13*.

Both, machine washable and dryable in a bouquet of Spring colors.
At celebrated stores everywhere or write Talbott Knitting Mills, a division of U.S. Industries, Inc., 1407 Broadway, New York.

Talbott Dacron bouclé



We tell you it's a Jantzen and right off the bat you're ready to wear it to the beach. That's because everybody knows Jantzen makes swimsuits but not everybody knows that Jantzen makes bras, panties, slips, girdles.

The Jantzen on the left is definitely a girdle. It's called Second Nature but it might well be your first girdle, because it's made for the young figure and because it's a hip thingie and it's just right for fun clothes. Like miniskirts and stovepipes and all. You get the groovy look but without all the grooves.

Second Nature is light and almost like nothing at all. The girdle comes in white, black,

blue, pink, green and yellow. It sells for \$6. There's a brief at \$5.50. The bra goes for \$5.50 too. (Prices are slightly higher in Canada.)

Second Nature is Jantzen all right, but you'll have to wear a little more than just a smile.

Jantzen We make underwear too.





for a touch of tenderness

Pamper your precious skin with Tritle's, the world's finest hand and skin care, cream and lotion. Tritle's secret glycerine and rosewater formula literally gathers natural moisture from the air and bathes your skin in beauty. Every night a beauty sleep ... every day a joy with soothing, smoothing Tritle's . . . the original.



BEAUTY CHECKOUT February 15

woman in life

The other One of the dashing young men in our life dashed in from Paris the other day. More attractive than ever we thought and went right on to say, wondering—as one's apt to-if there could be another woman in his life. Not one, it turned out. Two. A blonde called Maria and a brunette called Rosy. These Carita Soeurs have opened a whole new floor for men, and only for men, in their Faubourg Saint Honoré salon -call it Carita Monsieur. One entire floor in an unfussed meld of marble, mahogany, steel, felt walls, and copious black leather chairs—a grey and white scene with flashes of colour, rather brilliantly put together by the Italian architect Paolo Tommasi. And brilliantly peopled by politicians, financiers, and some of the most entertaining men in Paris: Roger Vadim, Gilbert Bécaud, Alain Delon. Because where else does anyone tackle problems a man always thought he'd be stuck with for life, like shaving every day? (The way out of that one: a men's depilatory section.) Our dash-about friend's even heard some cronies of his report they're making headway on that most masculine of all headaches: thinning hair. And one returned from an amble through the wig room looking his old self-some ten years back. Confirmed: when it comes to a man's real needs nobody knows better than a woman. Unless, possibly, it's two women. . . .

Get a Once more, the voice of the Paragon Traveller has been heard in the land. A very whiff small niche of land on Mexico's Pacific Coast. Puerto Vallarta by name—one of those small tucked-away villages bright with tile roofs, where Indian women carry their daily baskets of laundry through twisty little cobblestoned streets. You get the picture. Scarcely the place you'd expect to get a whiff of home—much less of your own dressing table. She did, though. Moment she clapped eyes on the village church. That sweet, regally curved pinnacle on the belfry. That crown. . . . A ringer for the one on Prince Matchabelli perfume bottles. Well, reminiscent anyway . . . certainly to the Windsong-seasoned traveller. As is our Paragon T, and, as it turned out, every other tourist in earshot. "The Perfume Tower," they called it. Different languages, same fragrant memories. Like our peripatetic friend, Prince Matchabelli really gets around. . . .

Bennstrom gives

We're being very nice to friends in Pasadena and Beverly Hills these days-espe-Marie cially the ones with empty guest rooms who might put us up long enough to get away to it all. Because letters are starting to pour East in a flood of rapture about the things going on behind about-to-be-opened doors at the corner of Hollywood and La Brea. Everything, in fact, a body could ask for . . . at Anne-Marie Benna strom's Sanctuary in the new Muir Medical Center (and friendly rumour has it fig the open-sesame date is any day now). One giant floor and two giant terraces divided clear in half—the pink half for ladies, the yellow half for men; almost identical programs. Such as circulation-boosting baths for six in round Jacuzzi pools. (For this, you switch from your Sanctuary sweat suit into a bright-green cotton fig leaf.) And in various degrees of dress and undress: Sauna Baths. Salt Rubs. Rock-a-bye lulls. Swedish massages. Facials. A gymful of bells, bars, pulleys, presses—all sorts of unexpected new toys—to play away pounds and inches. Sumerian Baths to soothe and refresh as you tan. And a special Inner Sanctum where solace takes the yummy form of menus planned just for you. What more do you want? Yoga? Karate? Jazz exercise? Lecture series by a good healthy roster of specialists? Beauty and barber shops? Sanctuary will provide them all; Anne-Marie Bennstrom really does give a fig. . . .

The wittiest, prettiest knit.
With a special brand
of cunning. Lightly traced
and gently raced o'er
panty hose from waist
to toe. They're lace-youtights. To give your legs
a giggle. Kicks. In a
slew of sly shades Hanes
calls The Soft Set.





Junes

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

In the news: creams that play together

There used to be funny-paper jokes about how women went to all kinds of trouble for beauty's sake. Not any more. Times, cosmetics, and women change. A big change in the first two categories has just come to pass: twin night creams by Charles of the Ritz called Novesscence. Unless clued in you might not think this a forward step as Novesscence creams come in two jars and two consistencies. But the point is the creams play nicely together and their act—and interaction—ends up in the area of good works. Like this: you apply cream #1 and are surprised to find it a rich, full-bodied lubricating deal. After that comes cream #2 with a very light fluffy texture. What happens next is inexplicable. You actually feel a tinytingling, stimulating glow, then both creams seem to disappear leaving just a silky smoothness. Novesscence creams are concentrates, made especially to help dry skin. Each jar is identified with a super-large numeral, the better for sleepy eyes to read. Both are bedded down in a pale pink holder. All in all a thoroughly modern road to a softer, prettier, tension-free-looking skin.

This collage is not for framing

The idea of a famous designer concocting a fragrance of the same name is hardly new; it's almost expected. Why then the occasional holdout? In the case of Adele Simpson, delay could have been caused by all that preoccupation with knockout fabrics and that near-nonpareil fit, fit, fit. Or the right potion just hadn't emerged from her scentblender. But now, the good news for those addicted to Adele Simpson is that wherever there's an A.S. design, there's an A.S. scent. That early exponent of the total look, Adele Simpson, has now taken the next step into totalsenses dressing. The lady's first fragrance is a happy little work of art which she considers the correct ambient accessory to Simpson clothes. "Collage" is aptly named. It's a snippet of floral, a swatch of woodland greenery, a remnant of moss, a thread of the Orient put together with delicate precision. And, like a good collage, its delicacy has strength—comes across clear and definite in Collage perfume and Eau de Collage and in all sizes, including sprays for dressing table and for purse. Ladylike, yes. But timid by no means.

Nouvelle vague mostly home grown

Now that quality, not faked-up quantity, is the hallmark of hair that knows its way around, we have all the more reason to celebrate the lab chaps. Their good works gave a big assist to the hair-bloom boost. Like the good-working new hair-conditioner Firmé-Genie by the smart fellows who gave us Restor treatments. These people are sort of hair-health nuts. Very involved with increasing tensile strength, decreasing static, reducing friction between hair, smoothing cuticle (yes, roughened same makes it tangle), correcting texture. To over-simplify while translating from technicalese: droopy-blah hair is often too soft; stand-up-and-fight hair usually too hard. So texture more important than you ever thought. Right? They don't give you a lecture at Charles of the Ritz, salons that seem to be mad for Firmé-Genie. If you don't request it—and your hair suggests it—they just quietly mention Firmé-Genie's possibilities. And you just notice sparkly lights on hair that never looked fresher.

Myths we'll never miss

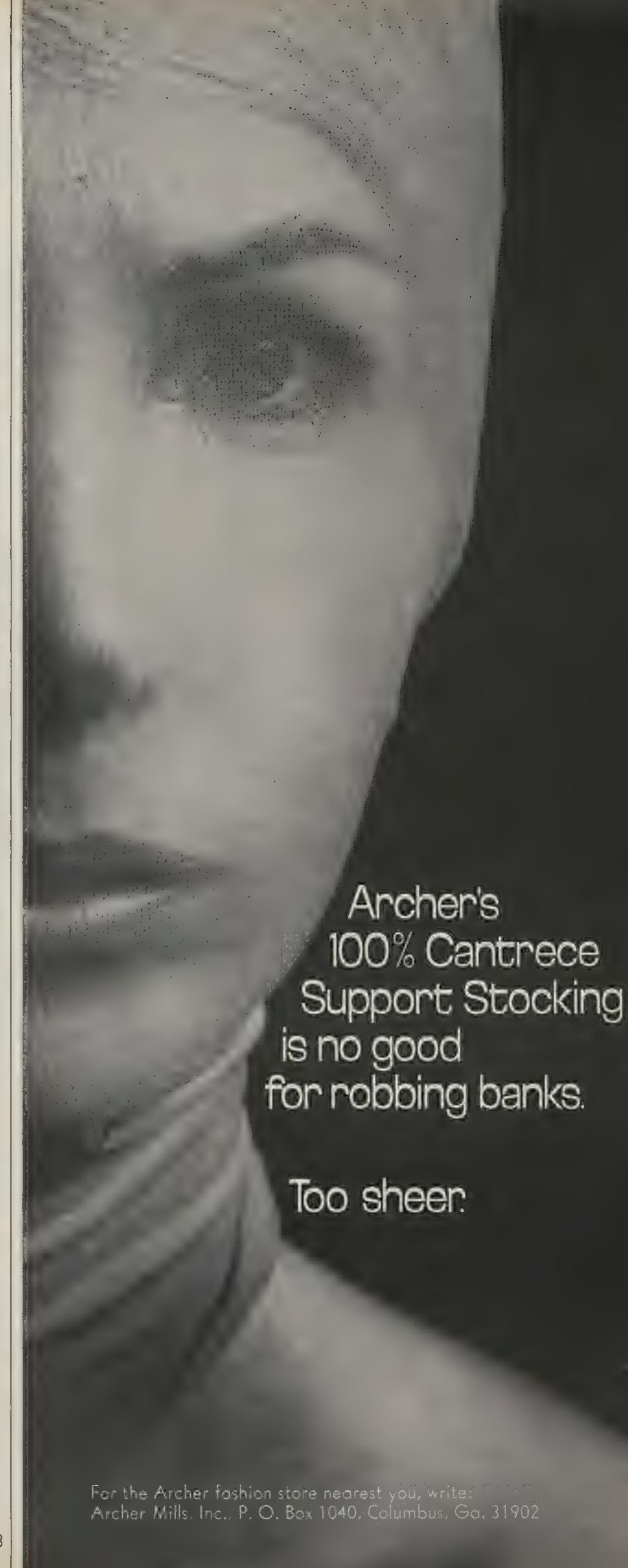
Two great clichés have just crashed head-on in our mind. One is the myth that any temperamental machinery, as in boat or car, is female. "Her fan belt is loose." The other being the notion that a woman is forever in the thrall of only one fragrance, that she lives in a constant aura of the same scent. "Excuse me. I thought you were Betty." If we're such mercurial creatures, how could we possibly have one olfactory expression for all our moods? Can you imagine dancing barefoot on the beach at Puerto Vallarta wearing the same perfume that goes with your furs up north? Not very likely. Which is why many women are supplementing their cast of fragrances with one of the bright-new-breed-with-a-young-beat scents. Say, Eau de Câline by Jean Patou, the Joy-maker. In Paris, câline means a coaxing, tantalizing swinger who knows how to get her own way. It means "smashing" among the Chelsea mod birds, and "with it" with the New York slickers. A pale peridot green, Eau de Câline wafts subliminal messages of dewy moss, willow buds, lily-of-the-valley. Ah yes. Sometimes you feel like keeping it in low key. Sometimes you just want it to seem nice and easy. And when you want to play not so cool, there are other ideas where this one came from.

Slow take on a fast revolution

It's wonderful how new ideas come into being. More evolution than revo. We've had aerosol sprays before. Heaven knows. And dry shampoos. Now those good newsmakers in anything they do for hair have put them together and we have Clairol's instant shampoo. Psssssst. It really is fast. Spray on, fluff up, brush out, you're clean. As no water is involved, your set is neither worse nor better than when you started. If you need curl up as well as clean up, Psssssst teamed with a Carmen means a saving of hours. (None of these heat curlers, or any curlers, can do its best with dirty hair.) You can use Psssssst for spot-cleaning of bangs or tendrils that tend to slurp up face cream. It works as a hair deodorant. Smells good itself, but not obtrusively. Pacifies little people, screaming weenies, sick or well, who wince at the thought of suds in their eyes. The above advantages hold true for cleaning wigs and hair pieces. . . . Let us not kid. Sooner or later you're going to have to dunk your head. But for suddens, for travel, for in-between-hairdresser, here's a marvel of twentieth-century simplicity. Hey. Maybe it is more revo than evo. Psssssst, Clairol: thanks.

More on what we're all looking for

We, meaning most women, secretly believe that going on a health kick is the answer to everything in the youth and bloom department. Nobody's going to knock the good life, least of all us. But. Look at all those busybodies who got there just the same by taking time out for daily beauty routine with modern beautifiers. As a for-instance: Max Factor's Geminesse treatment line with six new products loaded with more moisturizers than you'd think possible, even for Geminesse. There's a seemingly weightless eye cream, a throat cream that zings a tingle as you massage it in, a night cream that does a disappearing act being all delicate pink fluff and no goo. Then there's Geminesse cream moisturizer with a good idea. It sets up a protective platform to build your makeup on. A cleansing cream that's applied with H₂O, tissued off for dry skin, rinsed for oily. The masque is transparent. You can watch it work. And it's on the mild side so can be used for tightening right up to the eyelids. Here's lots of help in the search for what we're all looking for. But not if you subsist on Tootsie Rolls, stay up forever, and let your muscles all fall down.





A pale gold fashion look of alligator interpreted in supple cowhide with suede accents. Champagne Gator bubbles away with fashion excitement anywhere you go. Loves parties too, so you never have to leave it home. Behind the light-hearted, champagne-pale exterior is a serious regard for keeping your money and etcetera safely and neatly. Cheers!

PRINCESS GARDNER

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VOGUE, February 15, 1968



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VOGUE'S

"Nuit de Rio," Brazilian carnival at the Casino d'Enghien, near Paris







The crack of drums, and a frenzied ballet of frêvos and baiões, switched the French Casino d'Enghien to Copacabana for this masked ball celebrating carnival. Over three hundred guests-many Brazilian, many Parisian—caught the mood, sipping the Carioca drinks, cachaça and batida, before a Brazilian dinner, ranging from suckling pig to a sweet of coconut and pumpkin. After a show of fashion and dance came a contest of masks. The winner, Mlle. Danièle Gaubert. Her prize? Naturally, a flight to the Carnival—in Rio.



NOTEBOOK



1. Brazilian dances by the ballet troupe from Rio de Janeiro. 2. Comte Guy de Casteja, who arranged the party, with Comtesse Jean de Rohan-Chabot and Mr. Salvador Dali. 3. Brazilian mannequins, their masks designed by Jean d'Estrées. 4. M. Sacha Distel, Mlle. Danièle Gaubert. 5. M. François Guglietto, left, with M. and Mme. Eddie Barclay. 6, Prince Michel Obolensky, Mlle. Françoise Labadie. 7. Senhor Paolo Paranagua, Mme. Hugo Gauthier. 8. M. Hubert Guerrand-Hermès, Mme. Olivier Giscard d'Estaing. 9. Senhor Claude Sosa, Senhorita Giddie Vasconcelos, Senhorita Elsa Carida.











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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Theatre

BY ANTHONY WEST

Saint Joan, "casting brilliant"

The production of Shaw's Saint Joan directed by John Hirsch at the Vivian Beaumont Theater is a memorable success. It rejuvenates this tired old war horse of a play and fills it with freshness, life, and dramatic tension. Apart from anything else, the casting is brilliant and there is not a soft spot anywhere in the finest company that has yet been assembled in this unlucky and failure-haunted theatre. William Hutt gives a luminously intelligent reading of the part of the Earl of Warwick, and Roger De Koven, Tony Van Bridge, and John Heffernan are wholly convincing as mediaeval men of power and authority in the rôles of the Archbishop of Rheims, the Bishop of Beauvais, and the Inquisitor respectively.

What is so impressive about the playing and the production is the skill and address with which the problem of Shaw's grisly schoolboy humour is handled. Hirsch clearly thinks that its place is under the rug, and that is just where the cast manages to put it, by means of a display of truly first-rate professional acting techniques in the realms of timing, emphasis, and control.

The great triumph, against all the odds, is that of Diana Sands in a rôle that has—until now—had an uncanny power to turn almost any actress undertaking it into an exhibitionist Girl Scout. Diana Sands and John Hirsch have had the wit between them to realize that the Maid didn't know she was a saint or that there was anything abnormal about her conversations with God's angels and ministers of grace. She consequently avoids the pitfall of giving us, as so many actresses have done, a Joan pickled in her own sense of otherness and given to gooping in rapture into the beyond.

Diana Sands gives us Shaw's Joan, a creature who was so innocently good as to take the immortality and living presence of the saints as a part of reality, as actual and "normal" as the hens and ducks on her father's farm, and who was amazed to find that none of her contemporaries knew how close he was to heaven at all times. By keeping her feet on the ground and her common sense in her possession at all times, Diana Sands becomes the first English-speaking actress of record to make Shaw's Joan credibly a saint.

It may be added that the show has been sumptuously dressed by Michael Annals, who has brought a real sense for the period and for style to the task. His designs, the costumes worn by the monks in the trial scene, based on the *pleurants* on the tomb of the Duke of Burgundy which is today one of the treasures of the museum at Dijon, are as scholarly as they are beautiful.

Exit the King, "pretentious nonsense"

Eva Le Gallienne gives an outstanding performance as Queen Marguerite in The APA Repertory Company production of Ionesco's Exit the King. But in spite of the beauty of her voice and the evident conviction with which she reads her lines, she can not conceal the fact that most of what she has to say is pretentious nonsense. Ionesco's reputation was secure when he stayed in the realm of the absurd in which it was won. When he comes forward to supply profundities about death and old age his intellectual insufficiencies become all too apparent. The set designer, Rouben Ter-Arutunian, has not improved matters by putting the whole show inside what looks to be a huge Baggie.

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Education

BY DONALD BARR

A philosophy of bad teaching

The National Council of Teachers of English is one of those ambiguous groupings—part trade union, part learned society, part shape-up or hiring hall, part excursion—into which teachers like to organize themselves. When it met recently in Honolulu, the excursionists and job hunters listened to a significant report which the learned society had commissioned (with Federal money), and then reacted like a trade union.

The report compared the teaching of English in Great Britain and in America. Education News's summary seems to show that the British excel in the quality of their teachers and chairmen, in their drama and creative-writing programs, and in their ways of teaching pupils with learning difficulties. The Americans excel (if that is the word) in lighter teaching loads, in library and other material resources, and in a heavy stress on composition and literature. The British teachers are better than the Americans at stimulating and leading class discussion. They are more open to new ideas. They are better at relating language, literature, and composition. They make the subject exciting.

The NCTE thereupon passed a resolution which, by *Education News's* account, called for a limit of twenty-five students a class, a limit of three classes a day for a teacher, a daily half-hour "planning period," a clerk for every six teachers, and a staffed library for every elementary school.

What makes the *combination* of the report and the resolution so interesting is that it suggests why English is, by and large, one of the worst-taught subjects in American schools. Just how badly it is taught may not be evident to parents and children who have been trained to think in terms of report cards and test scores. For English is unlike any other subject in the curriculum. The child arrives in kindergarten or first grade knowing a great deal about it. He can not use numbers but he can use words; can not use French words but can use English ones. He does not know much about the world but he knows how to ask questions, and listen to answers, and say what he thinks. Moreover, he wants to use language better. He is an enthusiast for words. He practises his English continually.

To teach a child how to translate writing into the sounds of the speech he already knows and loves, to get him to explore and dream through reading, to sharpen his understanding of words and situations by letting him act and letting him create scenes to act, letting him try on personalities and try out behaviour—surely this is easy and joyous compared with teaching a foreign language or a more formal discipline. Yet few children who graduate from American high schools read with love or insight and fewer can write a workmanlike English sentence.

One observer quoted in the NCTE report said: "Every English class I visited in Britain seemed to be some sort of 'happening.'" But in America, many teachers have unconsciously accepted a curious philosophy that all but leaves out the magical intercourse of the classroom, the brush of mind against mind, the discovery of meanings, the playfulness. Instead, it emphasizes the lesson plan, the workbook, the audio-visual aids, the planning session, the dispersion of duties that leads to the loss of communion. Every elementary school should have a staffed library; but teachers who do not fight to get all the books out of the library into their classrooms have forgotten how to teach.



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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT Pop Music

BY RICHARD GOLDSTEIN

The "new" Donovan

In pop music especially, necessity is the mother of pretension. With that maxim afloat in your stream of consciousness, consider the "new" Donovan whose publicity photographs come tinted love-lavender, and whose songs come in a box, just like cigars and symphonies. A Gift from a Flower to a Garden (Epic) is Donovan's latest deluxe offering, a two-record set with just under fifty-five minutes of music. That means it is one album's worth of song, selling for the price of two. [Sold separately, the two albums are called Wear Your Love Like Heaven and For Little Ones.]

But what is money where love is concerned? The new Donovan is bursting with amatory grace. Gone are all the mysteries in his songs—the journeys to far-off regions where crystal images appear pregnant with themselves. Gone is the orchid Donovan, who let his wrist hang supremely limp. The mauve decade is over—swept away by the tides of pop romanticism. Suddenly, he has become a pastoral wanderer, singing songs of fancy for children.

There are some lovely moments in Donovan's latest albums (as there always are). His best songs defy the poses they are forced to assume. Donovan's goal here is the rediscovery of childhood innocence, and he comes closest to achieving it when he is alone with his guitar, and perhaps a leaping flute.

But it is not his newfound simplicity that has focused attention on the new Donovan. For along with love and flowers, he picked these albums to convey a strong anti-drug message. Some months ago his manager circulated a handwritten letter signed "thy humble minstrel," which urged the banning of all drugs. Not even the Beatles, who say they have given up psychedelics for meditation, went that far. Disc jockeys were elated, and the letter was at least as big a hit as the albums. The response in the press was a publicist's dream.

Donovan had not received such extra-musical attention since the day two years ago when he was arrested in his London home and charged with illegal possession of drugs. The ensuing headlines might have proved fatal in any other occupation, but for popstars they can mean instant martyrdom. As even an alleged spokesman for the "turned-on" generation, Donovan was quarantined. He was repeatedly denied a visa to entertain his most vociferous fans—the Americans.

But last September, the restrictions were suddenly lifted and Donovan arrived here just in time to sound his call for psychedelic sobriety. Though no explicit mention was made of any causal relationship between visa and vision, Donovan's timing must have startled some of his most loyal fans.

Donovan's most recent concerts proved an invaluable key to tolerating the "new" Donovan, when he appeared in a flowing white gown, on a stage with flowers and incense. He looked like the centrepiece from a palmist's parlour.

With my eyes closed, I could hear the Real Donovan; boy superstar, folk-poet with a small "p" and a soft vibrato. And, eyes still closed, I view the "new" Donovan as someone who still needs many coats to cover his imagined nakedness. Necessity, like the man says, is the mother of pretension.

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT THE Underground

BY JOHN GRUEN

The ear-splitting underground press

The underground press movement—international in scope and high on four-letter words—has become New Bohemia's latest weapon of revolt. It grinds out irreverence, below-the-belt information, political, psycho-erotic and scatological news blasts.

These gazettes and newspapers, published weekly or biweekly, first appeared in New York, San Francisco, London, and Tokyo. Now there are dozens more, with such names as *Avatar*, *The Oracle*, *The Open City*, *Graffiti*, *The Fifth Estate*, *Other Scenes*, *Guerrilla*, and *The Seed*.

In New York, The East Village Other, in existence for a little more than two years, has just switched from a biweekly to a weekly, with a reported circulation of 60,000. What is more, it is one of forty papers in the Underground Press Syndicate (UPS), a recently formed organization that includes publications printed in the United States, Canada, and England.

What's the underground press about? In a recent issue of The Oracle, published in Los Angeles, the editors wrote: "Almost without exception, most established newspapers and magazines . . . tend to reflect the prejudices of their sponsors; they are short-sighted, slow-moving, usually defensive of the status quo. The underground press is more concerned with conveying truth than earning money. . . . It fulfills the need for independent information about the turbulent currents of our rapidly changing way of life."

This tell-it-like-it-is school of journalism is written by the young for the young, and seems to operate on the notion that to be controversial and full of anarchy is to be on the side of the true and the beautiful. For the most part, its literary style is negligible. Ennui is the all-pervasive commodity as one ploughs through articles on draft-card burning, the war in Viet Nam, the drug scene, Black Power, the psychedelic revolution. One yawns at the interminable verbal abuses against L.B.J., every city's police force, the drug and homosexuality laws. These are lively issues, but the young ton-of-bricks reporting techniques are hardly persuasive.

What is effective about the underground press is the candour of some of its interviews—a candour made popular by Paul Krassner's The Realist, an older, more seasoned anti-establishment publication with its underground film, book, art, and theatre reviews frequently offering exhilarating insights into the workings of the creative underground, and with its outrageous humour in photographic and typographic layout. The cartoons of the underground press often have satiric bite, while its want-ad columns are very special indeed.

There is titillation as well as a certain pathetic climate in the personal want ads of, say, the *Berkeley Barb* at the University of California in Berkeley: "Girls with the spirit of adventure sought for mutual exchange of unusual and stimulating experiences in the complete privacy of our mountain retreat."

Obviously, the underground press thrives on the liberated spirit as well as on the libidinous high-frequency of its readers. Its existence proves that the underground seeks its own reforms and standards. This press movement gives the underground an angry, not to say ear-splitting voice.



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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT MOONING MO

BY ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

The Producers, "terrible"

The question before the house is: When can bad taste lead to good movies? There are certainly times when bad taste can be so outrageous, charming, and stylized that in some ghastly sense it works. I must confess myself, for example, a member of that very small minority which liked Billy Wilder's Kiss Me, Stupid, as well as of that somewhat larger minority entertained by What's New Pussycat? As old John Heywood used to put it: "Every man as he loveth, quoth the good man when he kissed the cow."

These reflections are incited by a terrible new film called *The Producers*. This film was written and directed by Mel Brooks, so the responsibility is clearly fixed. It seemed to me an almost flawless triumph of bad taste, unredeemed by charm or style. But I may be wrong. I had the uneasy impression that some of my colleagues in the screening room were already turning over in their minds rich phrases about the invention and audacity of Mel Brooks's black comedy.

Let me submit the evidence to the court. The Producers opens with a sequence in which Zero Mostel, playing a broken-down theatrical impresario, embraces a series of ladies in their sixties and seventies in the hope of extracting money from them for his next production. (One of the ladies, to her shame, is played by Estelle Winwood.) Funny? I gloomily consoled myself by supposing that the film had no alternative but to improve.

This was a miscalculation. The next sequence introduces a hysterical accountant, who, after considerable mincing and screaming, inadvertently shows the producer how, by overselling shares in his plays, he can make money so long as he confines himself to sure-fire flops. This leads to a frantic search for the worst play in the world—a drama comically entitled *Springtime for Hitler* written by a still devout Nazi—and for the worst director in the world, who makes his first appearance in drag. Finally a hippie is cast as Hitler. It will not surprise anyone who has followed me this far to learn that *Springtime for Hitler* becomes the biggest hit on Broadway.

Entrapped in this lulu is Zero Mostel, who does everything which gleaming eye, diabolical smile, overbearing truculence, and mock humility can do to justify his rôle. His accomplices include Gene Wilder as the accountant, Dick Shawn as the hippie, and a pretty girl named Lee Meredith. The Producers is warmly recommended for all those who regard the following things as hilarious: Hitler, Nazis, queers, hysterics, old ladies being pawed, and infantilism. In justice to Mr. Brooks, I should add that the film contains about four rather funny lines.

Competition, "harnessed to little"

Competition is the first film by the Czech director Milos Forman, who later made Loves of a Blonde. It offers in the cinéma vérité manner two impressions of music in Czechoslovakia: The old-fashioned brass bands in a small town and rock 'n' roll auditions in a Prague theatre. Moments of quiet human truth foreshadow the work of the more mature Forman. The candid directness of Forman's approach, when harnessed to characters and a story, has, as in Loves of a Blonde, a genuine freshness and charm. But it is harnessed to very little in Competition, and the result is rather pointless. The interest is primarily historical.

Books Books

BY ALFRED KAZIN

Lytton Strachey: A Critical Biography,

"dispiriting"

Lytton Strachey was a brilliantly meretricious biographer of stuffy Victorians he tried to make ridiculous, for he thought himself ridiculous and was malicious by habit. He was not a nice man, an attractive man, nor in the least original: As a biographer he was not exactly honest, for he wanted to get a laugh rather than to get at the facts, and he developed a style in which it is difficult to tell the truth. But he knew how to make a book, and he is intensely readable still.

What a joke, then, that Lytton Strachey, who killed the old Victorian "life-and-letters" formal biography in several volumes, should now be the victim of a big boring biography, Michael Holroyd's Lytton Strachey: A Critical Biography, The Unknown Years, 1880-1910 [now published in London; on April 25th in this country by Holt, Rinehart & Winston]. It is five hundred closely printed pages, includes several family trees, and is just Volume One. Mr. Holroyd, born three years after Strachey died in 1932, has "read over thirty thousand letters and trunkfuls of other documents," has spent six years on this tome, and reads like a Xerox machine, for he reproduces every inconsequential letter in full, though one Strachey letter is very much like another.

The old-fashioned biography didn't tell the truth; it was eulogy. Strachey's feline little portraits reflect his disbelief in truth. Maybe biographies can't tell the truth, are just too removed from inner reality. Mr. Holroyd, to be sure, tells us everything about Strachey's physical collapses and self-contempt and his many crushes on other moustachioed members of the famous Bloomsbury circle. But Mr. Holroyd doesn't understand that the first task of a biographer is to make his subject interesting. How is it possible for Mr. Holroyd to write about the Stracheys, that great English intellectual and administrative family, about Strachey's brilliant friends at Cambridge and in Bloomsbury, G. E. Moore, John Maynard Keynes, Virginia and Leonard Woolf, Duncan Grant, et cetera—and to be so dispiriting?

The reason is that Mr. Holroyd, being quite young and terribly emancipated, is determined to describe everything sympathetically but to make no judgments whatever about the ideas and homosexuality that were Strachey's passions. It is nice that Mr. Holroyd is no prude, but supreme detachment is no virtue either, and what I want to know about Lytton Strachey is what his mind was like, not just about his obvious psychological resentment of the general-father and his obvious identification with his mother. Psychologically, one homosexual pattern is much like another, but if one wrote *Eminent Victorians* and the other was the brilliant John Maynard Keynes, shouldn't Mr. Holroyd tell us more about what kind of thinkers these men were?

There is all too much here about Strachey's dislike of his appearance, his unfortunate manner with strangers, his most peculiar squeak of a voice. I have heard that once, asked what the most important thing in life was, Strachey replied in his most side-splitting falsetto—"Passion!" But the total life-passion of the man hardly comes out here, and one is left with the depressing vision of England's most brilliant intellectuals, with heavy Edwardian moustaches, damply writing love notes to each other.





MENTINOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

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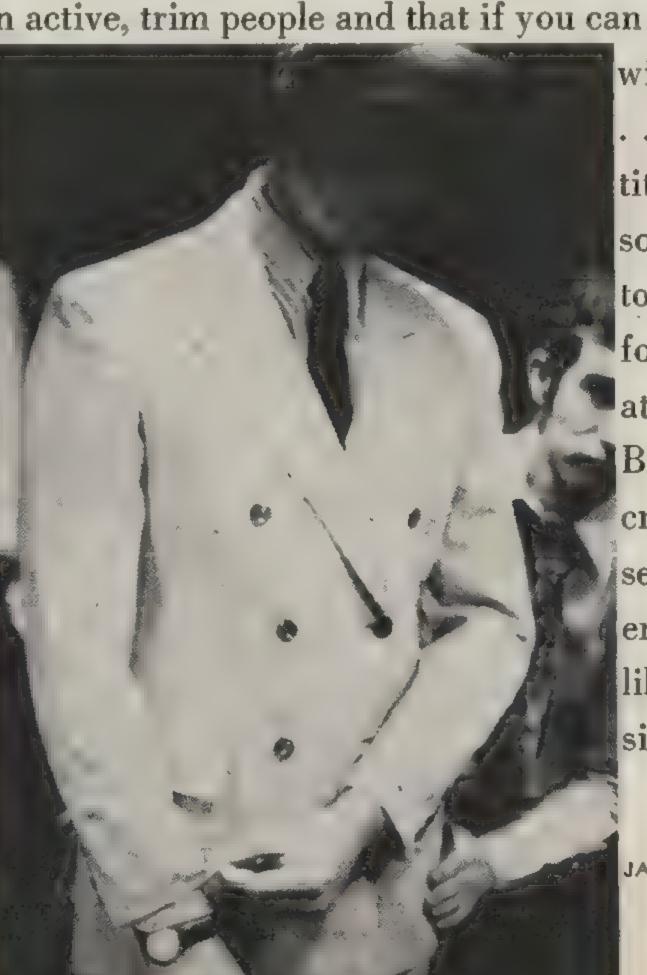
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of fabrics: Top left, Lynn Barkley's classic tan Glen plaid. Above, Jacques de La Fontaine's sapphire silk velvet Nehru suit. Left, Jacques's doublebreasted, chalk-striped gangster suit; right, Lynn's highclosing biscuit linen suit. Prices start at \$250. Lino's is run like a club: bring your dog (better, your girl—her boutique is out back), have a brandy, or just flake on a deep velvet sofa and listen to the piped-in Rock.



Beverly Hills: Dino Martill got it immediately: the idea behind the brandnew Jax for Men shop. The idea being that clothes for men are meant to be adventurous, that they are designed for and look best on active, trim people and that if you can enjoy yourself in them



without raising eyebrows . . . you win. It's the attitude that led Jack Hanson to add a men's shop to his string of Jax shops for women. The shop is at 9641 Santa Monica Blvd. and is literally crammed with trim trousers, jackets and sweaters, and great shirts . . . like Dino's wheat-colour silk shirt at \$40.

JACK ROBINSON

49



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THE SCALLOPED CRÊPE TOGA

Polka dots, ostrich, and clean white organdie, left—romance with a fresh fling of spring, for evenings at home. A dusting of white polka dots on a rustly red silk skirt, the hem deep in white ostrich.

...White organdie shirt-top; sleeves, the merest film of white over the arms....Uniting the two, a black velvet sash with a bow. By Geoffrey Beene; skirt of Jeri silk; shirt-top of Stoffel cotton organdie. Robert Originals earrings. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, at L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus. Dark-brown eyelashes by Andrea. One shoulder bared, one side open, right: the white crêpe toga with a tilted and scalloped hem, over a long scalloped underdress. By Samuel Winston of silk crêpe, with a matching stole. At Bonwit Teller; Neusteters; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's-Wilshire. Earrings by Larry Reiter for the Andrew Geller Boutique. Pearly ring by Marvella. I. S. shoes by Joan Stoyanoff. Coiffures, both pages, by Ara Gallant; hairpiece, left-hand page, of Dynel by Tovar-Tresses.













a hild's garden... of green

Framed by the dark gleam of polished oak, the flash of armour, the soft colours of timeblurred tapestries . . . by noble ceilings, historic portraits, Adam mantels, Palladian archways . . . these charming British children look perfectly at home, as well they may. Two of them are at home; the others live in houses that are more or less the same marvellous mélange of periods, architects, centuries, reigns. . . . What the children also look delightedly at home in is their clothes, all made in America and flown to England for these photographs -all fresh for spring, many in bright green, the delicious colour of new spring grass. Laura de la Mare, left, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard de la Mare, riding a dappled Victorian rocking horse at Hatfield House—a pink-brick, Tudor and Jacobean splendour, the home of the Marquess of Salisbury. Laura wears an enchanting white crêpe dress, longsleeved, high-sashed, embroidered in bright green. Tiny Town by Ann Webster, of Avisco acetate and rayon; sizes 7-12. About \$12. Best & Co.; Hutzler's; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Pandora Stevens, above, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jocelyn Stevens, perched on a table-top at Osterley Park House, a superb, almost unchanged example of the work of the eighteenthcentury master, Robert Adam. Her short-sleeved knitted dress in fresh grass-green has a high yoke, four white buttons. By Alyssa, of bonded Orlon knit. Sizes 3-6X. About \$10, at Best & Co.; Julius Garfinckel; Frost Bros. On all eight pages: socks and tights by Bonnie Doon at Best & Co. All little girls' shoes and boots by Miss Capezio at Bloomingdale's.

Eight pages of delicious new children's clothes made in America-photographed in four magnificent English houses, by Patrick Lichfield













BY JANET FLANNER the UNIQUE ROSS

EDITOR'S NOTE: Ross, The New Yorker and Me is an entertaining gossip of a book by Jane Grant, who was once married to Harold Ross and with him founded The New Yorker magazine which had its first issue on February 21, 1925. (Her book's introduction by Janet Flanner begins in the adjoining column; the book will be published this spring by Reynal & Company.) A small, fierce, brilliant, adroit woman who has been married to William B. Harris for the last twenty-eight years, and who is only known as Jane Grant at her stubborn insistence, she first met Harold Ross at a poker game when he was a private in the army, detached from the 18th Engineers, in Paris, where he was the managing editor of The Stars and Stripes near the end of World War I. Detached from The New York Times, she wore the uniform of the YMCA. Jane Grant started at the Times doing mop-up work in the society department for \$10 a week, but when she moved into a reporter's job she had a raise.

Eventually the Times reporter and the newspaper man, who looked, said Alexander Woollcott, like a "dishonest Lincoln," married in 1920 and in time planned their greatest adventure, The New Yorker. The marriage and, later, the magazine were entirely surrounded by a buzz of wits, the most amusing people in New York, malicious, gentle, offside, and terrifying, with the buck-nose Woollcott the wolf of the pack, which at times contained Robert Benchley, Marc Connelly, George S. Kaufman, and other tooth sinkers. To start The New Yorker, Grant-Ross raised \$25,000 on their own and persuaded Raoul H. Fleischmann to put up a gambling \$25,000. From then on, nothing but trouble, threat of suspension, staff dismissals, until at last, through an additional \$100,000 added by Fleischmann's mother and through the genius of Ross, The New Yorker ended its financial and staff crises and developed prosperous middle-aged spread. In her book Jane Grant's involvement with The New Yorker and her fun, love, despair, remarkable simplicity, and macédoine of anecdotes about Ross end with his death of an embolism in a Boston hospital on December 6, 1951.

Letter from Paris for his then new New Yorker magazine in the early summer of 1925 was succinct, characteristic, and perfect, and thus remained unchanged. "I don't want to know what you think about what goes on in Paris. I want to know what the French think," he instructed me. He was still trying to add the personal significance of his constructive, energetic mentality to his four-month-old frail, humorous periodical.

He was an eccentric, impressive man to look at or listen to, a big-boned Westerner from Colorado who talked in windy gusts which gave a sense of fresh weather to his conversation. His face was homely with a pendant lower lip, his teeth were far apart and when I first knew him after World War I, he wore his butternut-coloured thick hair in a high stiff pompadour like some wild gamecock's crest and he also wore anachronistic old-fashioned high-laced shoes because he thought Manhattan men dressed like what he called dudes. I had met him as I had met Jane Grant, who was later to marry him, through the artist Neysa McMein at her untidy hospitable studio in West Fifty-Seventh Street, frequented by the wits, poker and cribbage players, critics and writers who later became the famous Algonquin Round Table coterie of which certain members also became members of *The New Yorker's* staff.

In 1923, Neysa and Jane came for a summer visit to Paris, where I already lived by preference, because it was the capital of France, and Americans with little private incomes, like me, who wanted to write, could afford to live on their hopes and good bistro food on the Left Bank. When they returned to New York I occasionally wrote to Jane to tell her what was going on in the boulevard theatres and the Opéra to both of which she was addicted. In the summer of 1925, she wrote me saying, "You remember that magazine Ross always talked about starting? Well, he has it in print at last. Why don't you write a fortnightly Paris letter for us?" I wrote back asking what Ross's magazine

was called and if it was any good, to which Jane replied it was called *The New Yorker* and was not any good as yet, but that Ross was labouring over it, on some days believed in it optimistically and particularly in some of his new ideas. I sent two sample Letters from Paris which were also not good, especially after Ross condensed them into one which, when I finally saw it, published early in September, somewhat surprised me by being signed "Genêt," apparently my nom de plume. Months later, out of curiosity, I wrote and asked him which of the three well-known rather objectionable Genêts he had had in mind in choosing it. Had he named me for Citizen Genêt, the first minister from the First French Republic sent to the United States after the French Revolution whose recall was demanded by President George Washington as a brash French diplomat historically noted for his tactless lack of democratic diplomacy? Or had he named me for the yellow broom flower, that leguminous weed that overruns French heaths and is viewed by peasants as a pest? The third I cited was the feline genêt or civet, a small French relative of the polecat. Ross very sensibly ignored my letter. Office gossip in New York reported that it seemed unlikely he had ever heard of any of the three Genêts. He had apparently fallen on the name at random, and to his eyes and ears seemed like a Frenchification of Janet, so it was merely a pleasant compliment after all.

For the first two years practically all The New Yorker's few regular contributors wrote under pseudonyms because they had regular jobs as writers elsewhere, two of them on Frank Crowninshield's notably brilliant monthly Vanity Fair, where they signed their pieces with their own wellknown names which had a value that magazine willingly paid for. What they wrote semi-anonymously for The New Yorker, which was practically unknown, was a sub rosa friendly favour to Ross and for pin money. Ross paid on the nail when he could-his financial backing dried up more than once before his magazine caught on-and when he could not even give the modest check he customarily offered, he paid in New Yorker stock, then of uncertain value but which today is gilt-edged and would make any surviving member of the old-guard original writers rather rich, had Ross only been out of funds even oftener. Robert Benchley of Vanity Fair wrote his witty nonsense under the signature of Searchlight and his colleague Dorothy Parker signed her brilliantly bilious New Yorker book reviews as Constant Reader. In her review of a new A. A. Milne book in which she found his whimsy especially nauseating, she reached the point at which she wrote "Tonstant Weader fwowed up," the most hypersensitive literary criticism the magazine ever published, and the best known.

Ross was a strange, fascinating character, sympathetic, lovable, often explosively funny, and a good talker who was the most blasphemous good talker on record. Once, on holiday from Paris, and at *The New Yorker* office, I heard him chatting in the corridor. I called out to him that his profanity was really excessive, to which he said in surprise, "Jesus Christ, I haven't said a God damn thing." His swearing was automatic, unconscious, always chaste, never coarse, and merely continuous. He had been a dropout in his mid-high-

school years in the Far West to become a roving young provincial newspaper reporter, his aim being an eventual job in New York, which in his early period he never got any closer to than New Jersey. He matured as a habitual autodidact. In his twenty-six years as chief in his New Yorker office he was an unremitting reader of Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition), the magazine's official lexicon. He was in love with and fascinated by the English language. Dictionary reading had become an endless comfort to his restless mind. Endowed, as he was, with inquisitiveness and interest, mixed, the exactitudes of words and their definitions were his continuing passion and pleasure.

While on the hunt for an exactly right and suitable word for some writer's manuscript he was editing, Ross enjoyed having his assistant editor read Roget's International Thesaurus aloud to him, relishing its rich variations. He was an insatiable enquirer and, probably because of his incompleted education of which he remained self-conscious, was always unsure of himself and of his own answers, was both blessed and cursed by an endless uncertainty which drove him on constantly framing questions. His queries were proverbial around the office. Even if it were only a question of where to place a comma, to which he knew the answer better than anyone else being a punctuation fiend, he always wanted opinions. He was a vitally intelligent man composed of instantaneous mental reactions. The speed with which his brain functioned probably strengthened his habit of indulging in uncertainties as a delay in which to think things over a little. On the pages of his magazine he demanded impeccably correct grammar for which he had a fetish. He said that, when he was a boy, his mother had given him grammar lessons at home, teaching him to parse sentences in the old rigorous country schoolhouse style. When he discovered in The New Yorker that few of his writers with college educations were good grammarians, almost as a revenge, he took it on himself to edit and correct their copy. Fowler's Modern English Usage became the office book of law. In obedience to the famous Fowler guidance on when to use that or when to use which in relative clauses, the magazine faithfully pursued what its copy readers today still call "the which hunt," a jollity Ross did not appreciate since he despised puns. To him, an error of fact, grammar, spelling, citation, or punctuation that found its way into print in his magazine, "makes me heartsick," he said, as if describing a painful physical symptom.

Ross was a perfectionist. His aim was literally the publication of a technically flawless copy of *The New Yorker* every week which, as time and experience accumulated, he and the experts he assembled around him usually achieved. The unassailable grammar and skillful editing that soon marked the maturing *New Yorker* created the solid skeleton he set in place, on which he and his writers framed its special prose style which ranks as a contemporary American classic. His own development duplicated that of *The New Yorker*, whose increasing culture rubbed off onto him; they matured together like dual identities, man and magazine.

Something visibly and communicatively new took place in the mid-twenties of postwar (Continued on page 136)

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The ingenious suggestions of means to sky taxes, putting one on top of another much as museum curators sky paintings. . . . The handmade sociologists who call ghettos the inner cities. . . . The scattering of collectors who collect unpolluted waters and count among their finds the mountain streams of Nuristan near the Khyber Pass and the buried virgin snow of Antarctica, where surface snow is being mucked up by tourists. . . . Staircase, the British play by Charles Dyer about two homosexual barbers, now on Broadway where its gentle pats of observation and wit fade in the screel of Eli Wallach's voice. . . . Peter Brook's film, acted by the Royal Shakespeare Company, Tell Me Lies which may become the most misunderstood movie of the year, accepted as a propaganda film against the war in Viet Nam, when it is basically a movie in which an agonizing, inflamed act of history has been used to make a movie, filled with bloopers on history, about lies.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The goody lines handed out like a shortage of gum drops from the slack play Spofford by its star, Melvyn Douglas, who drops the bags under his eyes the way a clown drops baggy pants and says, "I consider the home an invasion of privacy."... The exuberant, scholarly exhibition of Romantic British art from 1760 to 1860, now at the Detroit Institute of Arts before the show goes to The Philadelphia Museum of Art, with, among its levels of pleasure, the technical bravura of the paintings, shifting from masterpieces to kitsch.... The television programs in which the clever Broadway producer Alexander H. Cohen, an amateur interviewer who fawns slightly on his guests, asks long, dumb questions and misses by a wide fraction the point of the answers.... Making It, by Norman Podhoretz who has written a tiresome account of his ascent to fame and riches as he reached the heights occupied by the limited New York Literary Establishment, an elevation about as high as a hill.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . A scrubbed, pearly girl, Gale Dixon, who gently and intelligibly sings a folkrock spoof, "Frank Mills," in *Hair*, a loud and often unintelligible musical, winning, bumptious, and gaffe-prone as a new puppy. . . . In Paris, the plan to juice up the Métro stop at the Louvre with underground exhibitions of treasures from the museum upstairs. . . . The usefulness of Evelyn Waugh's phrase, "vulgar but not common." . . . The good, non-amplified, thin-sounding, new Bob Dylan album *John Wesley Harding* in which Dylan with only a small combo sings the blues in "Dear Landlord" (for which he plays the piano arrangement), folk in "I Pity the Poor Immigrant," but does a rousing popular country-and-western in "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The anthology of 1924 Czech avant-garde staging and direction in the APA Repertory Company production of Ionesco's Exit the King, a play that only the bereaved family should be subjected to.... The foxy film Sebastian which bundles Sir John Gielgud, Dirk Bogarde, and other capables into one of those sly spy stories and then throws them all away, except for Lilli Palmer who, in the rôle of a code-breaker with a conscience, is funny, touching, ridiculous, and appealing.... The New York Times's Robert Lipsyte, a fresh-blowing sports columnist who unlike many of his colleagues is not devoted to musty old sports anecdotes and homeless statistics but rather concentrates on now.

KEVIN ROCHE, MASTER ARCHITECT, tall, spare, with slate-blue eyes, is a private person with a genius for designing luminous communal environments. He likes to wrap granite around greenery and catch the sky under glass as he did for the new Ford Foundation headquarters in New York. An aerial view of the city surrounding that building papers the wall of his office, right, a round tower "in an aged Connecticut house with castle pretensions," where he works with his partner, John Dinkeloo. (Both Roche, as chief designer, and Dinkeloo, as chief engineer, were associates of the late Eero Saarinen, now carry on the firm.) Since 1961, twenty of their light-filtered, revolutionary complexes have risen, or will rise, in fourteen cities across the country. For Washington, D. C., Roche designed the 1970 National Aquarium as "an enormous greenhouse, six hundred feet long, with sections of complete ecologies [to be programmed by Charles Eames] ... communities of animals of the sea relating to marine and plant life and to ourselves ... wave machines to create the Atlantic and Pacific tidal pools with gulls and clams and oysters and seaweed . . . the Everglades with jungly trees and tropical birds and crocodiles. I'd like to put in mosquitos, too," he said, "but I suppose they won't let me." Another extravagant Roche concept of merging nature with art will materialize in Oakland, California, when the new museum spreads over four city blocks, all covered with glass and roofs and terraces "where people can walk above trees and lawns and see sculptures and paintings below." For expanding New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art the Roche plan will "make a backyard of Central Park in an attempt to unify the whole thing." Further into the future, he has a vast long-term project with Columbia University to reshape a reach of upper Manhattan. Born in Dublin, educated in County Cork, Kevin Roche studied architecture at the National University of Ireland before becoming a citizen of the United States. "Many people feel they've left something better behind. I don't. I consider myself American and even fondly imagine I have an American accent." He doesn't. But he does have an American wife, three small children, Eamon, Paud, and Mary, and an old New England house with no greenhouse but with a big kitchen where he likes to cook. "It's a great way to spend a few hours. The only thing I enjoy more than cooking," he said, "is eating what I cook."

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PERIL REPORT

TRUE ENGLISH COMIC GENIUS," HE IS WRITER AND STAR OF THE MOVIE "BEDAZZLED."

By Kathleen Tynan

At school Peter Cook invented a character who wanted to buy up everything that moved. He began with grass, but the bottom fell out of the market.

At Cambridge University the character took on further lunatic tendencies and a voice, pedantic and knowing, which caught on like wildfire among undergraduates. This figure briefly reappeared in the review Beyond the Fringe as a miner who wanted to be a judge but didn't have the Latin. ("The trappings of extreme poverty," he concluded, "are rotten.") Some years later he was seen again on British television as a sedentary power maniac called E. L. Wisty, who pondered the Mystery of the Stars; hankered to be royal ("Even if it's the most boring thing in the world, people still say isn't it interesting that a royal person is doing something so boring"); and wanted the post of Shadow Minister of Nudism for the chance of bossing people about.

After Wisty came Pete, the same character, now erecting terrible fantasy structures with a mate called Dud, and plagued by film stars: "Bloody Betty Grable. Transatlantic call, she said, come over immediately, get on a plane, come dance with me, be mine tonight." And, "Bloody Greta Garbo. Diaphanously clad, in a shortie nightie, holding on to the windowsill, her knuckles all white, screamin' at me. I had to poke her off with a broomstick."

Recently, looking considerably prettier than usual, masquerading as a melancholy though winsome Beelzebub, the same man again in Stanley Donen's film Bedazzled.

And in the meantime, Peter Cook has invented an American journalist called Hiram J. Pipesucker, a man who teaches ravens to swim under water, and a leaping nun. In addition, Cook is an impresario. He started the first London satirical nightclub, The Establishment, in 1961 and opened another in New York; helped start there an experimental theatre, The Establishment Theatre Company, that is now involved with the successful farce Scuba Duba; bought and transformed the only effectively funny and anarchic magazine in England, Private Eye. He also appeared with Peter Sellers in The Wrong Box, stepped into Jonathan Miller's film Alice in Wonderland as the Mad Hatter. And along the route mesmerized and conquered a whole generation of contemporaries. Their admiration is boundless, as is his influence.

"There was never a satire movement," said one of the sharpest of these votaries, "only the Cook empire." "The only true English comic genius." "I think he's wonderful, you can't flaw him." "Flawless taste," said Jonathan Miller. (Nor are these, like theatre ads, edited protestations.) The film director Joe McGrath says he is the best comedy writer in Britain. Stanley Donen thinks he could be a Cary Grant, "so witty and good-looking. It's about time he was discovered in the States." And to conclude my name-dropping with Michael Caine (a regular spokesman on class matters): "Peter's got this typical Upper-Class University look but he seems to have a tremendous insight into the ordinary man. He gets in as deep as any Cockney comedian and adds a razor edge."

A poet friend of mine, yet more feverish than I with Cook worship, has placed him in the Underground praesidium along with Allen Ginsberg, Lenny Bruce, and Fidel Castro. Peter Cook, I think, would find this rather foolish. A comedian and a pessimist, he thinks the human race can not be improved and that there's no point in trying. He believes that everyone, without exception in the whole history of the world, has been exclusively motivated by greed, lust, or power mania. He doesn't think anyone has ever had any other reason for doing anything else. He also thinks this is probably all right.

Cook's distaste for hypocrisy and pretentiousness forced him on the first night of Peter Brook's controversial play about Viet Nam, US, into a rare outburst on television, as he simply couldn't stand all the self-righteous breast-beating taking place on stage at the expense of the war, and became angrily inarticulate. Particularly irritated by con men, trendsetters, and television pundits, he finds nuns hilarious along with gurus and quack religions. At the suspicion of a levelling off, or an over-simplification, he falls into embarrassed silence.

Outside the assumed voices and the fanatical invention. Peter Cook is a tall, (Continued next page)





"COMIC GENIUS" (Continued)

good-looking thirty-year-old who wears slim trousers, mod hair, and is concerned with the well-being of his friends. He is quite simply very nice, so that the disparity between the lunatic characters he assumes and his own level-headed self confounds even his closest friends. They imply that if he isn't a nut, he should be, or else that he's Hiding Something. Finding nothing hidden, they presume him a cold fish.

Extremely popular all over England, he has a large number of friends whom he and his wife entertain at their London house. This is what Terry Downes, a Cockney former U. S. Marine and former world middleweight champion, has to say: "Peter gives the finest parties I've ever been to. It might be Michael Caine or John Lennon, or one of these top people you see on TV, but everybody's mixin'. It boils up a great evening. Peter never makes himself too busy, never makes himself Jack the Lad. He looks after everybody, especially the women, gives them that little bit of extra attention. My bird's knocked out by Peter. He's a real hundred per cent diamond person."

At this point in his career Peter Cook might go in any direction. He is already one of the most highly paid performers in England, and some see his talents adding up to Cary Grant and an international reputation. But the thought of his transfer to light comedy or straight acting is mournful.

His instantaneous invention comes out most purely in conversation, as he is one of the few people who can keep a whole room laughing without causing hysteria. "Laughter becomes extreme," according to Max Beerbohm, "only if it is consecutive." And Cook can make an idea or a word yield compound interest. In a sketch he did for television, the other half of the comedy team, Dudley Moore, interviews Sir Arthur Streeve Greevlings, who runs a restaurant called The Frog and Peach in an inaccessible part of the country: ("I thought to myself, where on earth in this country can you get a decent frog's leg with a decent boiled peach.") Moore asks: "Does your wife do all the cooking?"

Cook: "Yes, my wife does all the cooking and, thank goodness, she does all the eating as well, God bless her. She's not a well woman."

Moore: "No?"

Cook: "They say she reacts extremely badly to having to go down the well every morning to find the frogs, but she's a sweet creature, I found her during the war. She blew into the sitting room with a bit of shrapnel, and became embedded in the sofa and one thing led to her mother and we were married within the hour."

"Peter comes out with these sentences perfectly formed, like the best jazz," explains Dudley Moore. "How it happens is totally mysterious."

At another time, Dudley Moore goes to interview the Mother Superior of the Leaping Nuns.

Moore: "Can you tell me in what respect the Order of St. Beryl differs from other Orders of nuns?"

Cook: "Well, I think the main difference between us and other Orders is that we do a great deal of leaping. We are a Leaping Order; we are continuously on the leap, in the air, you know, leaping the whole time."

Moore: "I see. And when did this leaping actually originate?"

Cook: "Well, it has its origins, you know, in the fourteenth or thirteenth century... in the convent of a very strict Order which was not allowed to kill anything, any living being was sacred to it, and as the country-side was infested with snakes at the time, the nuns devised this unique method of leaping to avoid them. Should a snake appear, immediately the nuns leaped in the air, sometimes to heights of five, or six, or even seven feet, and so the Leaping Nuns of Norwich began."

Moore: "I see. And what is in fact the order of the day for the Order of St. Beryl?"

Cook: "We have Morning Leap at six o'clock, followed by a light breakfast—a Leaper's breakfast—you know, a couple of fried eggs and say a hard-boiled fish, something of that kind, then the Mid-morning Leap which is quite high sometimes—six-foot leaping, often. Then we have a spot of lunch and, of course, the Afternoon Leap, followed by the afternoon sleep, followed lastly in the evening by the Final Leap, the last leap of all, which we follow with vespers and bandaging."

His characters come fully armed, like E. L. Wisty, who sits on a park bench discussing his manifesto for world domination or reading from his diary: "Got up, sat down, made tea, went to the lavatory."

Cook once invented a person who had a speech defect, only his defect was the inability to say "defect," which produced fits of coughing and stammering. Peppering the initial invention he adds puns, malapropisms, funny voices, journalese ("Britain slams the door on French feelers"), plain old-fashioned schoolboy jokes. He becomes obsessed by words and phrases abandoned by society and loves ponderously dotty expressions like "busty substances," or "His Ineffable Hugeness." He's the first man to think "Good Evening" uproariously funny, and he can work himself into a fury with the word "amazing."

So effective is Cook's influence on jokes and funny voices and a whole mode of comedy that one fellow satirist refused to see him for a year for fear of being influenced out of existence. David Frost (the English version of Johnny Carson) came so heavily under the Cook influence that Cook once was tempted to let him (Continued on page 139)

ew Talent, New Direction, Mrs. Kenneth Tynan of London

Kathleen Tynan has a spun-glass look, as though she could, too easily, be shattered. The look is deceptive. She does any shattering that's necessary, demolishing clotted opinion and platitudinous conversation with care, saying what she means and writing it, too, with a cool precision. She radiates happiness for two good reasons—her husband, Kenneth Tynan, writer, theatre critic, and Literary Manager of Britain's National Theatre, and her daughter, delicious five-month-old Roxanna Nell Tynan. Seldom at a loss for a devastating description or sustained simile, Kenneth Tynan, when describing Kathleen, lapses into dotty garbled metaphors which, paradoxically, exactly convey her generous guileless spirit, her movements, her way of stepping across London drawing-room carpets as though they were Limberlost swamp.

"When I think of her I think of wading birds and the more graceful animals. She's like a water diviner—she finds where there are springs bubbling inside you and makes them flow." Born in England of Canadian parents—which may account for her heightened Englishness—Kathleen Tynan worked for a time on a magazine in this country, then wrote for The Observer in London, later joined the London Sunday Times. Now a free-lance writer, she does interviews on British television, and dreams lunatic, impossible dreams—one of which involves living on a Greek island, eating lots of spicy food, and spending most of the time sitting in the sea writing a novel. Tynan said: "Living with Kathy is what I imagine sailing across Sidney Harbour on a summer day is like."

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Romana McEwen is a private person moving through a world that loves her, and that world is big. At its centre is her husband, Rory, primarily a painter and sculptor, but who does so many things with such grace and talent that he bears no labels, and their four children, Flora, Samantha, Christobel, and Adam, all with the delectable looks and straightforward wooing ways of their mother. To their big London house, with its delicious smells and bouncy children, their art collection, a quite dangerous dog, and withal, peace, the McEwens attract writers, artists, and musicians from all over, who find there an illuminating warmth. Long before Ravi Shankar became a cult figure he was a friend of the McEwens, living, when in London, in their studio at the bottom of the garden, later giving sitar lessons there to George Harrison of the Beatles. Romana McEwen, with her batty joyous laugh and her long brown hair worn in bangs, which friends want to push back so that they can invade her eyes, wears quietly today what others will wear loudly tomorrow, loves now what will be the craze of the future, and plumbs potential with her perception. Born in America, the granddaughter of Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Austrian poet and the librettist of *Der Rosenkavalier*, Mrs. McEwen has a selective eye and a discriminating mind; and that gentle charm which so seduces can quickly become part of her reserve. In the McEwens' house only the bore is a stranger.



CECIL BEATON

Desmond Fitz-Gerald, the master and Knight of Glin, has the eyes, arrogance, bearing, and look of imminently terrible temper, appropriate to the bearer of the oldest title in Ireland. His wild Celtic spirit meets its match in the Gallic-Saxon fire of his wife, Madam Fitz-Gerald, who was Louise de la Falaise before her marriage. Although they have been married less than two years, the Fitz-Geralds are already formidable, granted that forgiving, admiring, fearful tolerance usually only given to aging famous eccentrics. Madam Fitz-Gerald, who gives the impression that she has just ground part of la populace under her foot, has a startling, uncompromisingly beautiful face and an infinite, irritating mystery that she does not cultivate. It is heightened, though, by the way she dresses for her effect, at one moment looking like a hero of the 1914 war, the next like Cora Pearl, sometimes like an absent-minded undergraduate. In fact, she is never absent about anything which concerns her. Mr. Fitz-Gerald is assistant curator of Furniture and Woodwork at the Victoria and Albert Museum, is writing a book about sixteenth- to nineteenth-century Irish architecture, and collects seventeenth-century baroque paintings. Although the traditional home of the Fitz-Geralds is the Castle of Glin in Ireland, they spend most of their time in their London flat. They are in that rare English tradition of the great idiosyncratics, shrewd, perceptive, tough, guarded, and gentle.

he Knight of Glin and Madam Fitz-Gerald

FACE-LIFING:

"Would I go through it again? I would. It's a great investment—though certain things about the operation disturbed me. Next time, I'd be better prepared. . . ."

Mrs. G.S. had a total face-lift exactly one year ago, and to this day, no one has suspected. Apart from her surgeon and his staff, only two people—her sister and one friend—have had any knowledge of her decision for surgery. Besides, she isn't all that much changed. Her throat is neat; a small series of accordion pleats have vanished from her under-chin; her face appears fresh and in good physical condition. But basically she looks like the fifty-odd-yearold woman she actually is—and apparently quite enjoys being. "If it were merely to look younger that I had my face lifted," she says, "don't you think I'd put more effort into my makeup and hair?" (She takes a certain Yankee pride in minimal makeup and hairdressing-lipstick, powder, and a little eye gloss are her cosmetics; her hair, faded from auburn to colourlessness, gets no colourist's help.) . . . Of the hundreds of stitches taken in Mrs. G.S.'s face and hairline, in the folds above and below her eyes, no remnant of scar remains. Technically a masterpiece, her face-lift would seem to have been undertaken solely for trimness ("I loathe sloppiness in any form"). Dissatisfied with her coldblooded fitting-room account for her motive, you press her for her other reason—her real reason. Quietly, she replies, "My fifties have been the richest years of my life. I want everything about them to go on as long as possible." . . . In what city did you have your face-lift? I live in New York and I had my operation in New York. That's a rather prosaic approach. The Italian beauties fly off to Switzerland, my Argentine friends go

to Milan, the French to England, the English to France, et cetera. But I decided to do my disappearing act another way. I stayed at home and used my maiden name at the hospital. How did you shop for your surgeon? I'd looked into a clinic in Lausanne some years ago and discussed it all with the celebrated Dr. P.—there. But in the end, I decided against going that far away. It seemed silly to spend the extra carfare, and I was fearful of being locked up for days in a strange room in a Swiss clinic —I'm wary of anything depressing. So I went to my own good old M.D. chap and asked him to refer me to the man who heads the plastic surgery at his hospital. What questions did you put to the surgeon? None. I had made up my mind—my only questions were when, how long it would take, what it would cost. Did he question you? He asked if I were sure I wanted this done. Then he told me it would be an operation in two steps. One operation for the face; then, five days later, a second operation to do the eyes. He also explained that a well-boned face is a better subject for plastic surgery than a "pudgy" face. How much time did he predict you'd need? He said to plan on ten days in the hospital and probably another three weeks muffled in scarfs and dark glasses. Cost? For surgery, just under \$2,000 altogether. For the hospital, it all depends on the cost of your room—mine happened to be one of those \$65 a day splendours, all that was available when I was. Any special preparations? The first prescription my surgeon gave me was for a clinical photograph, a sort of exterior X ray done by a laboratory technician in a white suit. Any other preparations? I was told to wash my hair at home before the operation with a special antibacterial soap. I was told to remove my nail enamel—don't know why. I was also told

to take with me to the hospital a ten-day supply of all the medications I take normally every day-for me, this meant, of course, my estrogen pills, my vitamins, a few tranquilizers, just in case. But I wish I'd taken along a few other things. Such as? Nightgowns that button on or can be walked into. A big, bandaged head doesn't like to have a nightdress tugged over it. Anything else? Lots of things. Lip pomade; your mouth feels so dry. Your own transistor radio that you can handle from memory; don't forget, you're blindfolded after the eyes. And I should have taken along some mouthwash because if you can't open your mouth wide enough to chew food—and I found I couldn't -you can't open your mouth enough to brush your teeth. I should have taken a lorgnette or had the side pieces of my reading specs removed for the occasion—spectacles that fit your head normally won't fit over bandages. And—as the days passed, and strange thoughts formed rings around my brain while I lay alone in that hospital bed —it struck me that I should have gone prepared with some sort of mental project; anything from up-dating my address book to replanning a room. What thoughts did persist? There are no diversions that work well with facial surgery-you can't watch TV when your eyes are runny, you can't read when you haven't your lorgnette. In that unbroken gloom, I took to wondering what in the world I was doing; I kept a diary and on the seventh day I seem to have made this entry: "A face-lift is the most selfish, costly, and vain thing a woman can do." I don't feel that way about it now . . . far from it—the gloom was temporary. What anaesthesia were you given? Local. I was given a powerful sedative of some sort, then injections here and there about my head.-My surgeon wanted me to be awake; he watches

VOGUE INTERVIEWS 5 WOMEN WHO HAVE HAD THEIR SKINS REFITTED, BY WAY OF PLASTIC SURGERY

Would you go through it again?

your expression, I suppose. I was numb, but not out cold. I conversed with the doctor a little during the operation. How many hours for the surgery itself? Five hours on the operating table for my neck and face. About two hours for the eyes. Did you find surgery painful? There was no pain until afterwards. Then, my scalp ached, my head was pneumatic, felt huge; there were new twinges of pain as I began to heal. But what I really minded, and still would describe as painful, was the stitch-removing process. I'm told I'm abnormally sensitive to pain, and from what I hear from my friends who've gone through surgery in a breeze, I'm ready to believe my reactions weren't average. When did the bandages come off? The doctor said a good chef doesn't poke the soufflé while it's cooking; he loosened the head bandages on the second day, but did not remove them until the day before the eye operation. This allowed him to judge my healing rate, and he was pleased enough with what he saw. The second stage, the eyes, involved a day and a half of blindfold. Did you develop a fear of the second operation? I did. I was so tense, in fact, that neither the sedative nor the local anaesthesia took completely. I felt chilly, frightened, and quite depressed -and I was worn out from having been restless for days. Were there any emotional shocks? After eye surgery, the eyes sometimes pull curiously; one of my eyes seemed much higher than the other, at first. This straightened itself out within a day or two, but it was scary, and it seems it's not unusual. Another thing, throughout the recovery period in the hospital, you have to keep your head propped up all the time, even when you sleep. I have always slept flat, without a pillow. So I found the elevation of my head contributed to my restlessness. I was desperate to lie flat, and I wasn't

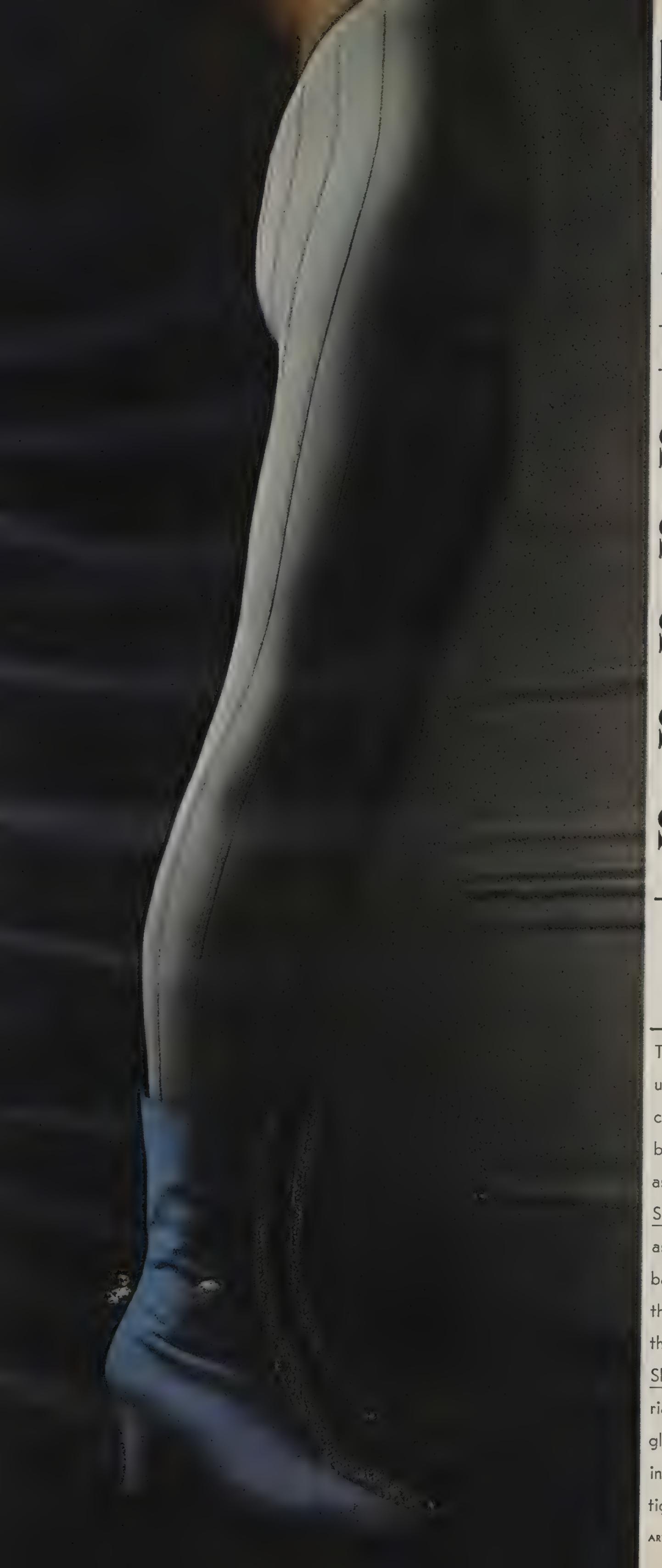
permitted. When did you begin to go into circulation again? As promised, I left the hospital in ten days. Then I hid at home. Exactly five weeks from the day of surgery, I lunched out with friends. They'd been led to believe I'd been in Europe all that time, and marvelled at how rested I looked. What post-operative care did you get? My surgeon removed stitches, a few at a time, in the weeks after surgery. From then on, there were checkups—none recently. Any postoperative procedures? Yes. The after-care consists of piling grease on your face heavy creams, grease, anything to keep your face supple. I still pile the stuff on when I'm at home alone, and I understand from my other friends who have had surgery, this is always recommended. Any post-operative prohibitions? My doctor said I could not put my face in the sun for six months which was one of the reasons I was scheduled for January. No facials, no facial manipulation of any kind allowed. Also, no exercise that might cause the blood to rush to the face. I haven't been near my gym for a year. [Editor's Note: Many doctors do not prohibit sunning; in fact, some actually encourage taking the sun with moderation-no burning, of course—unless the patient has had dermabrasion. Similarly, some surgeons feel that facials are perfectly in order and will, at a minimum, be good for morale.] Aren't you sometimes tempted to talk about your operation, now that it's all behind you? Not I. Some women love to talk about their face-lifts, but I think people tend to follow their own personality patterns in this regard. I'm a generally discreet person. But more than that, I simply see no reason to make myself a specimen. . . . I'm pleased with the results, and that's what counts. I also enjoy having old friends tell me how well I look. That's why I could face it again.

"Would I do it again? I have.

I have had two complete facelifts, the second one with eyes
done as well, and I'm contemplating a third..."

Signora M.A. is an Italian fashion designer whose legs, at sixty-five, are those of a lucky woman in her twenties. Her face is both old and young. Faded blue eyes come to life over the shadow of an ancient sadness; they do not synchronize with the fresh mouth which blooms into frequent, amused smiles, revealing excellent natural teeth. All of her cosmetic, surgery, she tells you, has been done by a distinguished Milanese—and always before summertime. "That's when the schoolteachers make my poor doctor so busy." She asks whether you realize that schoolteachers suffer from pupils who "make caricatures so mercilessly." . . . What brought you to your first face-lift? Fourteen years ago, I had two undeniable furrows at either side of my mouth—those lines the French call the lines of bitterness. Everything else was fine. How did you select your doctor? I called Professor X, whom I'd known for many years—he is a great surgeon, but he tries to turn away patients; he will do only two operations a day, at most. Did your surgeon resist your application? He said I was crazy. "Look here," he said, "your chin and cheeks are perfectly in place. In order to remove your famous furrows, I would have to work also on chin and cheeks, and they don't need it." How did you bring him around? We discussed the problem of the fatty tissues' tendency to atrophy—it is a degenerative process that can be noticeable at twenty-six, or not begin until one is fifty, but which manifests itself in the deep furrows. I commented that he had certainly described my case. Finally, I told him that if (Continued on page 133)





NON-SIOP IEGS IN SOFT SIIPPERS, SOFT SHINY

SOOTS...

The waist's the limb-it: all-time high for stockings now. Going up, up, up from little slippers set on sculptured heels, from jewelled carriage boots poised on shaped higher heels, from embroidered boots cut ankle-bone short. There's no end of fun afoot this spring as legs really start to limb it up—here, and on the next six pages. Shining blue patent leather pump, far left, utterly unadorned and as finely constructed as a shoe can be: the perfect pump perfectly balanced on a walking heel. The cut-out stockings circle white to the waist. Shoes, \$42. Fiorentina. Beautiful Bryans stockings to the waist. At Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus. Shining blue crêpe jewelled carriage boot, left, high on a carriage-boot heel; the boot's rhinestone stripe meets the silvery glint of striped white stockings to the waist. Boots made for Vogue in Paris by Roger Vivier. To order at Saks Fifth Avenue. Hudson tights. At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Joseph Magnin.

ART KANE























HOW ARE YOU HANDLING YOUR HANDS?

Hands are age clues nonpareil. The idea is to outsmart them. A famous Circassian dancer by exercising her hands with tension and twisting movements daily has managed to produce hands so soft, so supple that they are those of a twenty-year-old. . . . Hands dance. As in certain great classical dance forms of India, when flowers open in the hands of the dancer and birds fly off the tips of the fingers. . . . Hands speak. As an anthropologist recently reported, only ten to eleven minutes a day are consumed by the spoken word. The balance of communication is performed by expression and gesture, by body, face, and hand. . . . Hands flicker with fashion. Knees were the beauty crisis a bit ago, when hems leaped up and threw a lot of females into a panic. Now sleeves leap down, they ruffle and cuff. Rings point up all the fingers of each hand. Hands are the focal point. Part of the romance. The youth barometer. . . . For hands that flinch at the spotlight, hand aids are on the way. Fingernail problems can be filed under "Obsolete." Bad hand fixtures can be unfixed. That's what dermatologists, manicurists, and the unique hands-in-depth Revlon laboratories told us. . . . Hand Outs and Hand Ins, as follows:

Your whole wide world: in your hands

HANDS TALK

They're living giveaways about you, about your attention to detail. The detail well attended to, left: long, strong fingernails that look as if they never do a lick of work, ho-ho. Actually they owe their sturdy lankiness not to idleness but to busy-nesswith nail conditioners, nail strengtheners, protective enamels, and manicuring that knows exactly what it's doing. A situation well in hand. (Framing the wrist here: a square plastic bracelet by Vendôme.)

Since there's no such thing as hand-lifting, since cosmetic surgery won't help, you'd better watch those hands. The earlier you start giving them the V.I.P. treatment, the longer they'll tell the other girls how cleverly young you are, in spite of your glittering past. So what do you do? You keep a fresh lemon in your bathroom for paling hands and fingers. You do as the Arab women do and use pumice stone after soaping. (When you see luminously white arms, poetically feminine, you can suspect the use of a soupçon of pumice.) And you protect, protect, protect, especially against the sunlight, an arch enemy of hands. You lubricate and moisturize. Because the back of the hand has few oil glands and the palm of the hand has none, you compensate by slathering the creams and lotions on after washing and before setting forth into uncomely weather. Tranquillizing hand balms are on the ready in your kitchen, bath, and bedroom. And in your purse, particularly in winter, if you are like four of the Beautiful People, under-25 division, who make sure they carry their proper recipe for application in idle moments in taxis and jets. ("You mix it, when you can, with a bit of water and dry with a hand towel," one of these confided to us. "But you've got to keep doing it all the time, because your hands feel like sandpaper otherwise.") . . . Once a week, if not more often, you immerse your hands in a special hot oil for about a half hour (castor or olive or the likes of Wesson could be the oil), a moving old movie on the Late Late channel could signal the time for this. . . . Once a week you also do, or have done with your manicure, a massage that works up from wrist to tip of each finger, then kneads the palms and backs of hands, proceeds up to and around the elbows. . . . The same masque you use on your face tones and deep cleans your hands. . . . And the bedtime program is heavy on creamed hand enclosed with love in glove. . . . Gloves indeed go everywhere about the house—a handy wardrobe of them, from sheer plastic to cotton-lined rubber for wet-cleaning jobs, plain white cotton drug-store-bought gloves for drier activities, like delving through closets and paperwork. And if hand doesn't go in glove to beach, it does in a potent sun screen. . . . If hormones are helping your facial complexion, it follows that they're not doing wrong by your hands.

All of the colours that crop up on hands to make them look considerably less than delicious and just slightly less than eighty: these can be dealt with, sent into hiding, sometimes dispatched to oblivion. . . . The brown marks, for instance, those "adult" freckles that plague many women who have been voting for a number of years. One European beauty flew to America a while ago just to have here obliterated. (Continued next page)

Hand Ins:
gloves,
moisturizers,
lemons,
pumice, and
perpetual
care that
starts young

HOW ARE YOU HANDLING YOUR HANDS?

(Continued from page 107) She really didn't have to make the trip. Removing "liver spots"

created by long exposure to the elements and disorderly pigmentation is an old, easy, pain-

less, and uncostly procedure—in Europe as well as the U.S.A. A cosmetically-minded

dermatologist can do this trick for you in his office. Electrodesiccation and cryotherapy are two impressive-sounding methods. But one New York swinger reported having hers abolished by a few dabs of a liquid involving five doctor-minutes a couple of times a month. Whatever the system, the idea is to peel off the skin involved with the unruly pigment. The spots should at least fade, if not disappear, and not make the scene again for years. New "adult" freckles are of course a possibility; back to the doctor you and they go. . . . Bleaching creams occasionally are helpful. "Well worth the trying," one dermatologist said. . . . To avoid getting photographed red-handed, models often hold their hands up in the air red. white, before picture-taking. There are other ways to deal with hands that like to blush and chap, and blue... lotions that tone down the ruddiness, waterproof body makeups and gels. The latter can also do duty playing down the network of blue veins that tend to show through more enthusiastically as birthdays get out of hand. But it is comforting to know that a brilliant display of veinery is not necessarily the product of age. It has to do with thickness of skin, a genetic quality. Hands have a peculiar structure, different from the face, which has cushiony deposits to round and contour. As hand skin gets thinner with time, it may have an inherited tendency to become transparent, since there is little masking fat between skin and the veins below. . . . We don't have to tell you how to cover up white spots on finger-

condition or anemia, that warrants a physician's attention.

Hand Outs: the vexing and brown

> more slowly each adult year. And growing more slowly means the nail tip is older, has more opportunity for breakage. So if your nails don't shape up quite as well this year as last, or this winter as last summer—well, you get the message. And you handle them with more daintiness, like this. If they're at all problematical, you file with an emery board. If they're very, very problematical, with soft side of emery board. . . . For even healthy nails, file from each side towards centre. No sawing back and forth. This encourages splitting and breaking. . . . Shape into gentle oval, with nail edge extending at least 1/16" beyond flesh of finger on both sides. . . . Don't let manicurist file deep into corners. Causes hangnails. Reprove her if she attempts any cuticle surgery beyond snipping down the off the torn pieces. . . . Buffing should be part of the whole nail ritual. Removes small fingernail ridges and surface irregularities, gives a gloss. . . . In applying nail enamel, the amateur facts tends to go over and over the nail, building up a single thick uneven layer that does not dry properly. Light, quick, even strokes and adequate drying time between coats are the ticket. So, for misbehaving nails, are two base coats, two polish coats, one sealer. Another sealing coat every other night. . . . Cuticles pushed gently back every time you dry your hands. . . . According to Nena, a New York manicurist whose attentions to troubled nails are famous, the first twelve hours after manicure are crucial. "Avoid water. No baths, showers, shampoos, or dishwashing. Wash hands without involving nails; happens to be possible. Rummaging through your handbag, use the eraser of a pencil or some suitable probe to locate what you're looking for. Then, with thumb and index fingers as pincers, reach in carefully to extract the object.... To dial the telephone, pencil or dialer. Cushions of fingers for picking things up. Manipulate light switches and elevator buttons with a knuckle of your index finger. Unfasten clasps of jewellery with a nail file." . . . It's in

nails. Usually they result from a small trauma, the sort of thing that could occur during too

hearty a manicure. They go away when the nail grows out, in about three months. But per-

sistent white spots may indicate a fungous infection or an internal disturbance, a thyroid

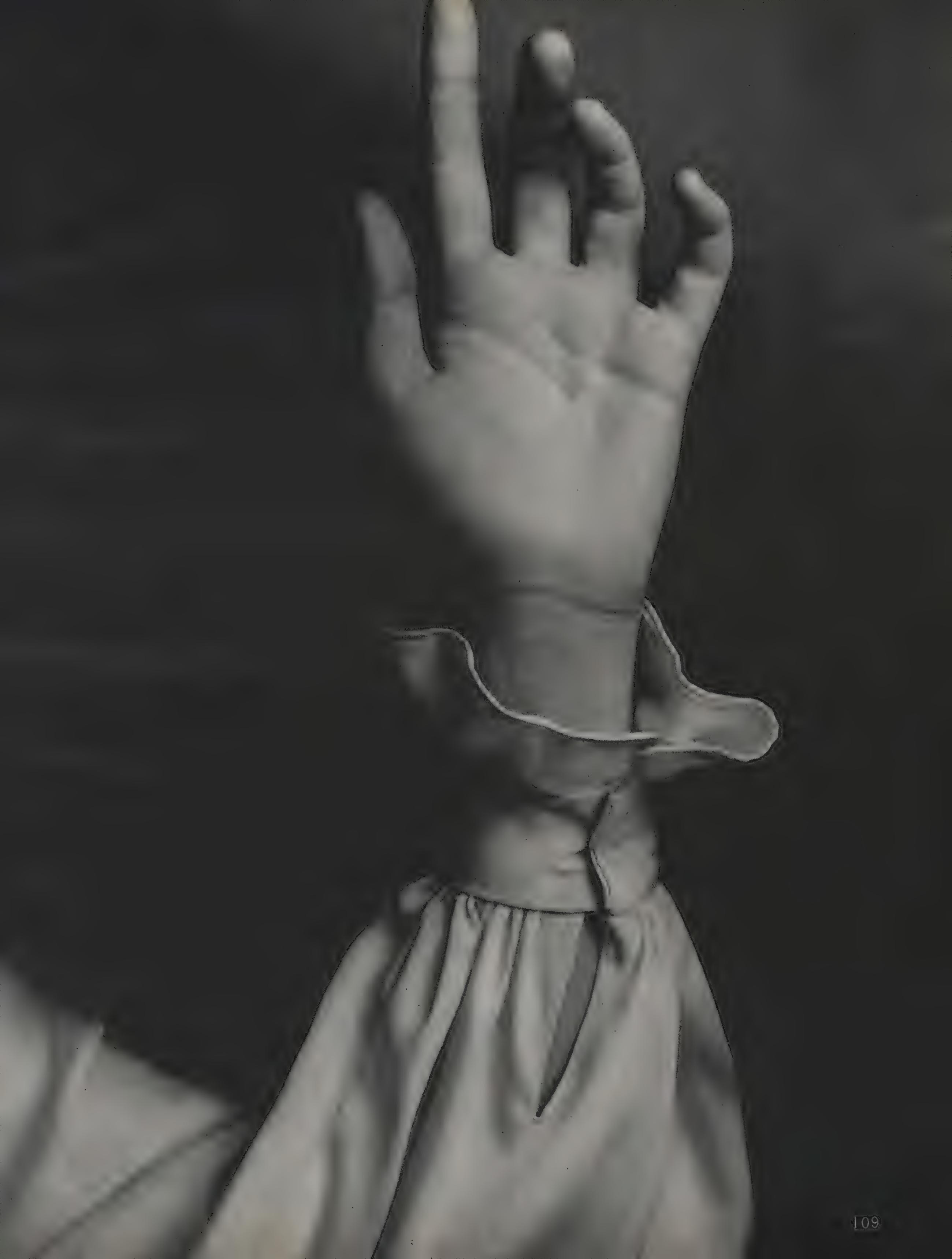
Like hair, fingernails grow more slowly in cold weather. Like hair, fingernails grow a mite

Nailing

HANDS STAR

in the rippling new cuff. Pumiced and polished and lemoned and bleached and creamed and sun lotioned and gloved and loved. As they should be . . . very well could be.

your hands....















PENATI

















SECRETS OF A GREAT NON-COOK, MRS. GRAHAM D. MATTISON

Mr. and Mrs. Graham D. Mattison live in Paris, New York, and Cascais in Portugal—when, of course, they are not travelling somewhere else. Wherever they arrive, they arrive in a benevolent blast of energy, sweeping up old friends and new acquaintances into their orbit of direct, penetrating interest. In a non-worrisome, buoyant way, they are concerned about people. This concern runs through the dinners and luncheons Mrs. Mattison arranges, especially in their handsome Paris apartment, the base from which their travels radiate. Here, everything is thought through, minutely, from the guests' point of view.

Although she can not "fry an egg," Mrs. Mattison knows good food. She has studied it through the eyes of the people she cares about, the ones for whom she plans. Here, followed by some of her menus and recipes, are excerpts from an interview with Mrs. Mattison in the Paris apartment, headquarters for her French chef, and, every autumn and spring, for the Mattisons.

"When you invite people, they should have what they want. Almost everyone these days is on a semi-diet, either watching his weight or watching his health. The trick is to compose a menu so that everyone can eat something to his heart's content. For instance, for people who can not eat starches, I always have at least two green vegetables, as well as a starchy one. Then I always have a dry cheese as well as a Camembert or a Brie. For dessert, apple tart or strawberry sablé. People can eat the fruit and not the crust.

"I tell the chef that sauces must be served on the side. The great thing is that everything be well presented and attractive to the eye. Colour is terribly important. One day my chef proposed a salad of mâche and beets, but I thought not because we were having red cabbage. I asked him to make a green salad sprinkled with grated MRS. MATTISON IN HER PARIS APARTMENT egg yolk instead. Very pretty. Incidentally, any salad of greens should be a little fatiguée, so that the pieces still spring in your mouth but don't spatter your face. And the pieces should be small enough to eat easily. Women should be allowed some grace while they eat.

"A luncheon menu that needn't swamp a dieter might go like this: For an entrée, crêpes stuffed with fresh, ground mushrooms, browned in the oven. The chef makes the crêpes very thin and very small so that even a dieter can take some. Then an unfattening boeuf braisé with little onions and carrots for colour, plus a purée of string beans. (I never give string beans except as a purée, much more appetizing to look at. . . .) Salad, cheeses, and, finally, a fruit tart.

"One should fight against being lazy. Food is so often dull, or routine, or too rich. I think you should bring new ideas to the kitchen. When my husband and I are alone for dinner, we may try out a menu I have made up.

"About lunches—I think six women is right. If there are both men and women, then eight. No more, so everyone can talk to every-

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one else. The most difficult thing for me is planning the first dish. You can't repeat eggs all the time. When you have scrambled eggs for lunch, you have to remember that others had scrambled eggs for breakfast: If you don't add fines herbes, or put a hedge of pommes paillés all around, scrambled eggs look like breakfast again.

"I like to start lunch—not with fish, a little too heavy—but with what the French call an 'amuse-gueule.' A little cheese crêpe, perhaps. I think that people like to have something cooked, even in summer. When it's hot, I have, rather than oeuf en gelée, egg with a little mushroom purée. Or cold cooked eggs surrounded with mashed fresh tomato and a little aspic and foie gras. Delicious. Or an artichoke heart with Béarnaise sauce, or with a sauce verte with cucumbers.

"You have to arouse people's curiosity in what they are eating. If I have a purée of celery in pastry boats, it is much more appetizing than plain cooked celery and not so banal.

"Nowadays you can purée anything in the blender. As a matter of fact, it takes much less time to make a purée than to peel and prepare vegetables. With some menus you might have five or six different purées in different colours: carrots, pale celery, dark-green watercress, lighter green string beans. You can purée potatoes, cauliflower. ... People who don't like spinach will eat spinach purée just to see what it is.

"We put very little cream in our purées so they are light and not rich. We never serve very rich food. A carrot should taste like a carrot, not like something disguised.

"I rarely serve red meat at night. Some people find it too heavy. I have veal often, especially for Americans. French veal is much better than theirs. But I wouldn't give roast beef (Continued on page 137)

Mrs. Graham D. Mattison, right, has the special quality of brunette brilliance that, even if she were dressed in monotone, suggests radiance. Strong colours can not dim her. A Brazilian married to an American international lawyer and investment banker, Mrs. Mattison seems instantly settled wherever she arrives, a trick possibly turned by her low, unhurried voice, her apparently effortless efficiency, her focused concentration, her ordered relaxation. "Anyone giving a dinner must be entirely relaxed," she said as a matter of principle. She applies herself to travel: "When you go to a country, you should adapt to the country." She more than adapts. Interested in archaeology and history, especially Roman history, she is as precise about historical facts, about artifacts and digs, as she is about her menu planning. She was photographed here tucked up against an eighteenth-century Chinese elephant in her boudoir in Paris, a room panelled with small paintings of "rather Turquerie" plants and creatures, and coloured in the glowing yellows and coral reds that Mrs. Mattison likes best.

HORST



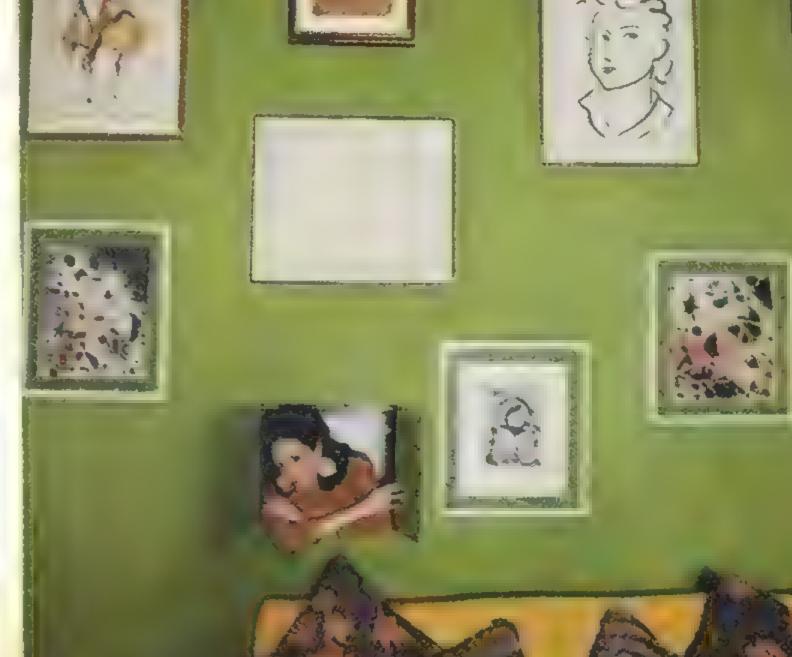




PAMELA COLIN

An indelibly American internationalist, living and working in London, Pamela Colin is amusing, interested, vital, with extraordinary eyes (she is beautiful), and a way with people. To her flat, tempestuous in colour, with calm at the centre, come many of the heart people of the arts, some for her formal parties of twelve, with outside servants, some for simple ones for twenty for which she alone does the cooking, but whichever, she always has really decent wines and for the men really good cigars. Entertaining is her sport.

Left: Miss Colin on an old English library ladder in her gracefully proportioned drawing room, spectacular, blazingly elegant, comfortable, chocked with flowers, paintings, drawings, sculpture. A Jean Arp marble, above, shares a glass table with a bronze skirted Degas dancer. Drawings and lithographs, right, by Matisse, Marini, Miró, and Reg Butler, with Pamela Colin leaning out the pass-through. HENRY CLARKE





MERICAN GLINT: PAMELA COLIN

Miss Colin prefers a smash of colour around, has music in every room, mixes up the generations for her parties—she admits no generation gap, putting an eighty-year-old with a seventeen-year-old and finds that both like it. Born in New York, she is the daughter of the Ralph F. Colins; her father, a corporation lawyer, her mother, a well-known interior designer, and both have gathered an art collection of note. When Miss Colin was sixteen, they brought her to see Henri Matisse, then old, confined to his bed, but still happily painting on the ceiling with a long-handled brush. She is on the executive council of the Friends of the Tate Gallery, and is the London editor of American Vogue. Supple, decorative, and informed, she melts into conversational French, Spanish, and Italian expansively, making Ambassadors feel as young as Third Secretaries, and Third Secretaries as important as Ambassadors.

Far right: In her bedroom with its huge bed covered in vicuña, Miss Colin embroiled in a Sunday morning clutter, which includes (not shown) her grandmother's eighteenth-century writing box. For this slightly eccentric room, she chose light but piercing blue felt walls as backdrop for some special reproductions of Miró's "Constellation" tempera works. On each side of the maroon silk headboard, a long Egyptian figure. Above: In the startling Red Room, used both as a guest room and dining room, her grandmother's American Empire sleigh bed, with its black-and-white fur covering. Near right, top: In the drawing room, a Rory McEwen construction. Near right, centre: In the bedroom, embroidered skirt for dressing table, and lighted niches. Near right, centre: The bright blue kitchen with some blue-and-brown wallpaper, good counters, wall oven, a place where Miss Colin can cook.

Near right, bottom: Black-and-red Egyptian cotton on the walls, mirrored alcove for the tub, and all through the flat, flowers which she buys at six in the morning at Covent Garden.



VOGUE'S OWN BOUTHOUS OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

"I don't call it 'maxi,' or 'midi'-it's a calfka!"



That's what Penelope Tree (right) calls the skirt, or culotte, or coat, that boodles the knee and cuddles the calf. Along with the first Arctic draught, this mid-calf length hit. And in London, New York—it's the look that keeps a boutique bunny comfy warm these days. Penelope got her brown jersey calfka culotte and brown cobra vest from the boutique at Salvation, 1 Sheridan Square . . . wears it with shiny slick brown boots and a café crème crêpe shirt from Abracadabra. The whole effect dashing rather gaucho, no?

Chér's calfka

has plenty of Zhivago going for it (far left). And what better way for a California girl in a mini-skirt to keep warm when she visits New York, than in Mr. Fred's brown seal-y rabbit, collared and cuffed in blond lynx cat. About \$650; Sportique, 816 Madison Avenue. . . .

The calfka remembers Russia (near left). Actually
Megan Dees found hers in
London's Biba boutique—
but its soul is pure Russian soldier—black corduroy, close double-breasted.
... In New York, Bedlam
boutique, 817 Madison Avenue has one similar. \$75....



"You see masses of them on the King's Road"-

But when London's Sandy Moss (below) first wore her calfka culotte and coat in New York, it stopped traffic. Of course that was the first day. Now it's commonplace. Such is fashion. Sandy wears bitter-brown shiny stockings, court-heeled shoes, with her black jersey calfka culotte and coat. Designed by Ossie Clark. About \$58 at Quorum, 52 Radnor Walk, London S.W.3....



JACK ROBINSON

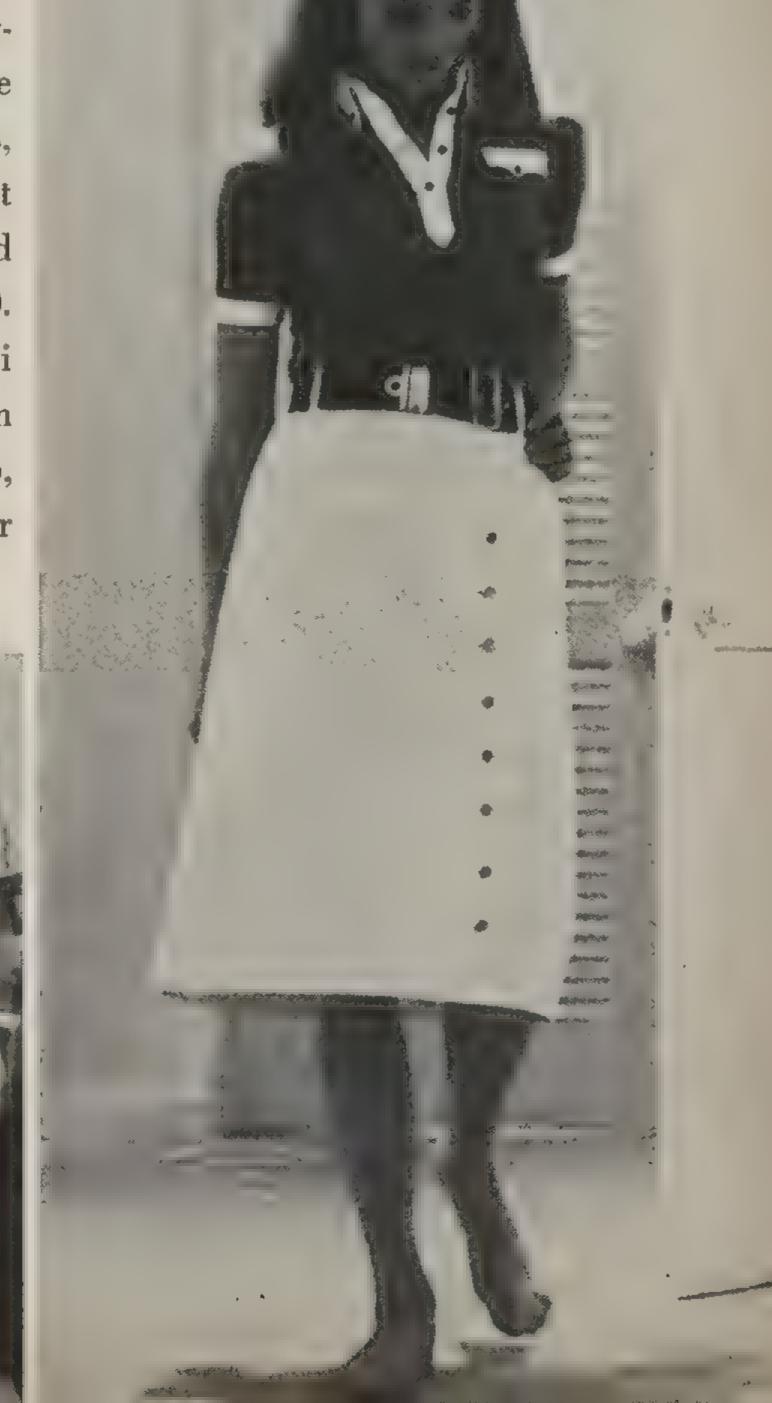
In spring-still the calfka?



whose winter calfka skirts were snapped up by the ladies-who-count, continues the length for spring—in meringue-y white organdie, \$95 (above) or as a swoopy Alsatian-y cape of green felt \$135 (right). Adolfo boutique, 22 East 56th Street. . . .

Sure, why not. It's a change—it's got somehow a flip of femininity, of nostalgia.... The boardwalk-beach version (right) in white duck, buttoned in brass, \$55, with a matelot navy-and-white striped cotton jersey shirt. \$30. Both by Krizia. Henri Bendel, 10 West 57th Street.... And Adolfo, the adorable milliner





More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE Continued



JACK ROSINSON



New York: In from L.A.-

rising star Lesley Warren (left), crackling with humour, sparkling with an inner high voltage, a dancer's lithe body—she's nice, too, like the girl next door. . . . On a quick dash through the Madison Avenue upper Sixties—East Seventies boutique belt—in twenty minutes it's—zoop—from Gavroche, to Veneziano, to Bedlam, across the street to Sportique—back again to Paraphernalia and whoops—into Tom Isbell's black-and-white stars blazing on red matte jersey, \$60. Paraphernalia, 795 Madison Avenue. . . . The nice snoopy man in back is Lesley's husband, Jon Peters. He's a hairdresser out there. He's great too. . . .



Cap Ferrat: The wedding

(above) that brought a little band of people south in mid-winter—two of France's most beautiful dashing people—Betty Saint and François Catroux. Both dressed just as they do any day—Betty in her black-and-white zigzag Cardin fur, mini-culotte, shiny boots with silver plaques—François in brown velvet, a white turtleneck. The adventures of the Catroux's in New York—coming soon in the Boutique. . . .

New York: Without Aunt

Katharine Houghton (left), niece of you-know-who, attracting some attention in "their" picture, Guess Who's Coming to Dinner, attracting attention skipping about the city—that chestnuty golden hair—the dimply smile. . . . In Paley Park she's all a-twinkle in a white duck mini-duffel coat from the boutique for real hearty sportswear next door—\$55 at Honeybee, 7 East 53rd Street. . . .

(Continued from page 93)

he wouldn't do the operation for me, I would find someone else who would. I got my face smooth again. How long did your first operation take? A few hours in surgery. Four days in the clinic. After only one week, I was back at work, perfectly recovered. Didn't your wounds show? My bandages were still on my head; they were pink (the Professor always uses pink bandages) and I covered them with a foulard. But as I worked, I found the foulard an annoyance to wear, so I removed it—and there I was, my head bandaged in pink, a living advertisement for plastic surgery. I was like a pink bonbon, no bruises, only my cheeks slightly swollen. What anaesthesia? Local. I chatted the whole time with the doctor. Was your subsequent operation comparable? They become easier, both for the patient and for the doctor, I believe. But my second operation took longer, naturally, because this time, six years after my first operation, I had my eyes done as well. Twenty-three stitches on each eye that time. Cost? Just under \$1,500. Do you ever suspect your enthusiasm for cosmetic surgery to be excessive? I do not have complicated feelings in this matter. I think it is a legitimate human impulse to look as young and as well as one can. I have always taken care of my body, but only a surgeon could tighten my skin when the fatty tissue was on the wane. What if you had experienced grave pain and a long recovery—would you contemplate another operation? I'm quite sure I would if only out of curiosity. I must admit to being the most hopelessly curious woman in the world. When I began to taste the discomforts of menopause years ago, I searched until I found a specialist in hormone therapy it was almost unheard of, at that time, in Italy. He treated me, planned my pills, and I was relieved of all the unpleasant symptoms and discomforts of menopause. Wherever there is help, there is hope. And I have been most fortunate....

"Would I go through facial surgery again? Without question. And I can expect this is a certainty, considering the tendency that caused me to undergo surgery at such an early age."

Señora M.M., a magnoliaskinned Latin, is one of the successful career women of South America. She is an executive in the branch office of a New Yorkbased advertising firm. Now thirty-six, and beautiful, she had her face lifted when she was thirty-one. Sagging brackets about her mouth and heavy, drooping skin above and below the eyes were the targets of her surgery. . . . Didn't it seem strange for a woman as young as you to undergo a face-lift? Not altogether. I began to have the facial collapse associated with old age when I was in my early twenties. Looking well is a part of my work, I feel-and while I didn't look old, I always looked tired. How did you decide that surgery, rather than a rest cure, might be indicated? Because my look of fatigue never went away, no matter what holidays I took. I've always enjoyed the marvellous blessings of the sun, which quite relax me-and yet I always looked tired. I thought my sinuses might be at fault, but my doctor assured me otherwise. He suspected that the fatty tissue simply was not holding up too well—and so he made inquiry into the tendency in my family. My mother's face looked old too young; so does my elder sister's. And we really don't have terribly good bones. How did you choose your surgeon? We are fortunate to have in this city some outstanding surgeons. I went to the one whose name was best known to me. Was he astonished to see you among his prospective patients? Not really, judging from his understanding of fatty tissue. Nonetheless he required that I see a psychologist or psychiatrist before I made serious application for surgery. What were the findings? That I was not a chronic complainer, I suppose; that my troubles were not imagined; that I did not seek surgery as a device for treating other malaises, other dissatisfactions—but only for curing me of

(Continued on page 134)



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Face-lifting

(Continued from page 133)

an unduly fatigued skin. How long were you in surgery? About three hours. Anaesthesia? Local —but with a "forgetfulness" pill. When were you able to return to work? With sunglasses, and a little toupet to cover a scar within my hairline, I was back at work in a week. Did you experience pain? No. Not during the removal of the stitches? No. My doctor has what may be a unique trick—he removes every alternate stitch at one time, the remaining stitches at another time. Cost? About \$1,500. And you'll face a face-lift again? I expect to and I'm sure my doctor will give me the benefit of his skills when I need them again.... He said, in fact, that he prefers to work on younger faces because there is more resilience to the skin, and an early face-lift can slow up the aging process. Incidentally, my skin looks better than ever and my doctor says this is often the case after surgery—something to do with increased blood supply and improved tone.

"Mine is holding up so well I doubt I'll need another. The silicone used as a suplementary treatment seems to keep my face firm. . . ."

Firm or too-firm is the question in the case of Mrs. R.F., a busy, valuable, warm-hearted woman whose taste has been put to professional use—she is a muchsought-after interior decorator. She lives in New York; to the ancient flat she and her stockbroker husband have occupied since before the birth of their only child some thirty years ago come a collection of international élégantes. There, the after-dinner talk among the women often involves "my face-lift," which subject Mrs. R.F. neither encourages nor discourages. Her own contribution to the note-comparing is apt to concern not her own, but her mother's face-lift. Now eighty-four years old, Mrs. R.F.'s mother had her face lifted two years ago. . . . How did you decide to have plastic surgery?

I always knew I'd have it sometime. I got around to it six years ago. In what city? A city in Southern California. How did you shop for your surgeon? The way many people do-by observation of the faces of some of his graduate patients. I was also inclined toward California because my husband plays golf for two solid weeks every year at Palm Springs, and I liked the idea of his being an eighteenminute jet-ride away from me. Was your face-lift total? Total, with all the trimmings. When the loose skin had been lifted, the doctor felt that some touch-up was needed; he gave me some silicone injections to lift out certain remaining lines-the vertical forehead furrows between my eyes. How long were you hospitalized? Eight days. Anaesthesia? Local. Any trauma? None, really—partly because my husband, who's an absolute dear, thought the thing was such a lark and jollied me with his visits and phone calls. Stitches? Neck, before and aft the ears, in the scalp back of the temples. Fear? Some, but my surgeon is the most matter-of-fact all-American-boy, so that I was never without reassurance. Needless to say, when he did my mother a few years ago, she fell quite in love with him—and he with her. She was as good a specimen in terms of general health as they come, he said, though her bruises lingered much longer than mine. What about your post-surgery life? I'm not to sunburn-but then, I've never been a great sun fan. I'm to use tons of creams on my face. What about the silicone? It was at that time experimental. But I was given it as an official guinea pig, therefore it was silicone of the correct medical grade -nothing black market about it. And nothing to the process, either, just a fast pinprick, a slight mosquito-bite swelling for a day or so. If the Government pronounces silicone approved for more general use, I may see about having some more for some new furrows. Do you feel

your face is your own? In truth, it isn't. The shape is quite different from what I had as a girl. In the interest of skin firmness, I have what I feel is more face than I had before—and I know what my mother means when she says her mouth is tighter and, as she insists with a blandness that gives us a huge laugh, now lacking in her "customary sweet expression." Cost of total face-lift? About \$2,000. Silicone supplements, \$25 an injection—of which there were two.

Speaker: an actress who has been in films long enough to be something of a legend. She has a notably young, round forehead, the serenity of which has been maintained by surgery far back in the scalp itself—a not usual surgical procedure. Asked, as she frequently is in interviews, how she has kept her looks fresh all these years, she invariably attributes her extended youth to "moderation in all things." Immoderately fearful of surgery (she'd never before undergone surgery in any form, never had experienced childbirth), she was accompanied by what her husband describes as a D'Oyly Carte troupe of supporters when she went to Switzerland for her first face-lift. Her husband, her secretary-confidante, and her long-time maiddresser-hairdresser made the trip with her—the latter, a special safeguard against the possibility that after surgery, the actress might fall into the hands of a talkative hairdresser whose witnessing of the scars would be devastating to the secrecycause. . . . How did you feel about undergoing a face-lift? I was an involuntary patient, you might say, so I was resentful and self-pitying. I made life hell for my companions. The 'doctor's charm did not soften me. Finally

he said I'd have to relax and cooperate or he'd be forced to show me the door. What anaesthesia? Local for the first lift. General for the later more-difficult scalp lift. Was there pain? None, or I've forgotten it. I was told I'd be given a pill that would cause me to forget—whether this was true or was a psychological trick I don't know. All I know is it worked. When did you feel recovered? Immediately. My spirits began recovery the minute the operation was over. I actually felt an exultation. How long were you a patient in the clinic? I stayed there five days, then when the bandages were removed and only the stitches and Merthiolate and shaved patches in my hair showed, I was dismissed and allowed to move to the hotel, returning to the clinic for inspection and stitch-removal each day over the next week. Secrecy measures? Everything was done in my secretary's name. And ready for me to wear away from the clinic was a huge blond hairpiece that fell well forward to cover the vertical scars in front of my ears. When did you go out in public? On the sixth day after that first operation, I lunched out with my husband in my blond disguise. I felt marvellous, as though a feared inevitability was safely behind me. The Europeans have a nice sense of the necessity for anonymity—and, I gather, plenty of experience in dealing with it. What about the scalp operation? By the time that was necessary, I'd become a regular visitor to the clinic-and although the scalp was what is known as a big operation, I'd become a seasoned patient and felt at home in my surroundings. Too, there was a certain aesthetic satisfaction in working well with the doctor to achieve a result so subtle that only a woman in my profession would have need for it. Cost? After taxes, or before? With my staff, or without? I'd hate to tell you. But for the average case, prices are comparable to those all over the world....

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The Unique Ross

(Continued from page 83)

Manhattan which was summed up in the word sophistication. This was what Ross aimed for. He had paid little attention to art in any form till then, yet the most important drawings he chose to publish were practically avant garde. He was a magnet for intelligent people, and once in his orbit they remained fixtures. The drawings of the unknown Peter Arno became the magazine's first success in sophistication—eye-catching in their strong modernist draftsmanship and in a certain sensuality and sense of satire, with voluptuous-looking, handsome young women talking in bed to their effete, inert husbands, or the same Matisse-like curvaceous beauties depicted in nightclubs with rich, attentive, predatory satyrs in top hats, both the conjugal and the public scenes offering implications then new and piquant to Manhattan humour. Art, in The New Yorker, became a special department with its particular director.

The Tuesday art meeting to view and choose the new drawings was like a board of directors' meeting with Ross and the main editors in attendance held in the magazine's only spacious room which was reserved for this purpose, while the writers and under-editors remained crowded in the rabbit-warren cubbyholes that became legendary. (Much later, during World War II, Truman Capote, who had been determined to work on The New Yorker and had become the office boy in charge of presenting Tuesday's new art on an easel, would anxiously focus on Ross to see if he favoured any drawing that Truman himself specially liked, and if Ross snorted, "God damn awful" as he brandished the long knitting needle that he customarily used as a pointer, Truman was known to have shaken his blond head and clucked, "Tch, tch," the only office boy on that magazine who ever dared cluck at the editor-inchief.)

In the special protection the magazine gave its artists, they developed their own idiom and at the same time the magazine's, Which created for The New Yorker its particular influential graphic art. The first two magazines it influenced were its only competitors, the old so-called humorous weeklies, Life and Judge, with their antiquated He and She cartoons and vapid jokes, both of which soon folded up and went out of business.

Ross's brilliant invention was the Single Line joke, in which the commentary was furnished in the single line spoken by one individual in a duo or group who, on order from Ross, a realist, had to have his or her mouth ajar to indicate who was speaking. One drawing handed in showed two elephants conversing. "Fix pix," Ross ordered, his laconic office jargon, spoken or written, for "tell the artist to improve the picture." "I can't make out which elephant is talking," Ross complained.

The other popular Arno drawings were the Whoops Sisters, old-fashioned camp characters like Punch's London charladies with their feathers in their bonnets and their plates of tripe. The Whoops Sisters, whom Ross ran three times a month for three years, sold the magazine on the newsstands. In its over-all makeup Ross had leaned considerably on parts of Punch's format, borrowing its itemized London gossip which he transformed into Talk of the Town, its casual bits of fiction (still known in The New Yorker office as Casuals) and the occasional character studies which he developed into Profiles. During World War II the Punch editors came on a brief visit to New York and its magazine world, which received them with honour. The outstanding event for them and Ross was their stately call on The New Yorker, where he candidly declared to Punch's editor, "We owe Punch a great deal," and Punch's editor said, "And you have greatly influenced Punch," which Ross had noticed in its recent modernization where there were indeed certain reflections of his own magazine.

Ross made so many rules for running *The New Yorker* that he spent his time making exceptions to them so things could work. However, his complicated departmentalisms, the technical,

social, regional, and linguistic expertisms did actually mesh and work admirably, all set up in his restless insistence on further perfectionism. Five of his carefully selected editors had special competences which served for background knowledge and reporting. One was an expert on New York clubs and real estate, another knew the Junior League crowd, sports, and the purlieus of the rich (in whom Ross was always interested); a third had been an Oxford University man, knew England and the old-fashioned New York upper class to which he belonged. The fourth knew Broadway and Greenwich Village, was a railroad buff and a master proofreader, and the fifth was from Philadelphia, knew its society, and also spoke French as his second language.

In the checking department, for verification of every fact or reference, were university men who also spoke French, Italian, or German. Ross established as archivist a woman who had the best memory he ever met, he said. His proofreaders were a female club of experts who had the value almost of ghost editors, making the magazine what they still say is "the most intensively edited magazine in the Western world." On top of this, as a journalist himself, he picked writers who were an élite crack crew of journalists and could produce anything needed that World War II later demanded. On the fall of France, which Ross heard of when he was under the weather at his country place near Stamford, he went in his pyjamas to the nearby printing plant and remade the opening pages of the magazine.

As the invasion by the American Army grew near, Ross was asked by an Army friend, who was a general, to help on the printed pocket guide to France, which our American soldiers were to carry with them, along with everything else, when they crossed the Normandy beachheads. Ross asked me to write this little brochure and asked Ludwig Bemelmans to draw the illustrations—a female writer and an artist of an Austrian enemy-alien family, both quietly working for the United States

Army. My chapter on the dangers of social diseases was considered weak by the general, whom I later met at a party. When I asked him to let me see the finished booklet, he whispered, "Sh, its contents are top secret."

"But I know what's in it, General," I said, "I wrote it. Don't you remember?"

When the time came for me to try to go back to Paris after the Liberation, Ross talked about sending me back on a small boat carrying dynamite to Denmark, so I turned to Jane Grant who, though she and Ross were no longer married, was still devoted to the magazine that she had helped found, and who was then editing the "pony" or midget editions of The New Yorker for the Army Library Service. "Nonsense," she said, "He doesn't know the right generals. Do you fly?"

"I never have, but I will," I said.

"Get your uniforms ready.
You will probably leave in three
or four days in an Army plane.
I will phone my generals in
Washington to fix things up."

When I said goodbye to Ross in the office, he said, "Do you mind signing your Paris letter with your own name from now on? Maybe it's high time for you to be yourself." But on receipt of my next Paris letter he cabled, "Do you mind signing it Genêt as usual, it looks more natural." Which it did to me, too.

After the war, The New Yorker seemed like a senior citizen compared to the old days. It carried news from pretty well all over Europe, Africa, and the British dominions, and special articles from such an extension of American and English writers that it was no longer what Ross had developed as "a New York paper," which is what he always called it. It had become a famous, important, transatlantic reportorial weekly, a fact that afforded him his greatest satisfaction. Of all the non-New York material that it carried—lengthy, authoritative articles, and topics and ideas so special that they could have been printed in specializing magazines-one contribution was extraordinary in that it had nothing to do with

any cities or countries or nations. This was Rachel Carson's The Sea Around Us, which dealt with the evolution of land rising from the waters—the essential primaeval news of a world.

Ross remained unchanged. He still prowled around the corridors in the late afternoon, looking things over and looking in on those who worked for him and about whom he was always paternally curious. He would drop in on them, chat and swear, and usually make them laugh. As an official chief, he was a humanly observing kind of man. He shared himself especially with the new young writers on his staff. He would bang on their doors, walk in, and say, "Ross" as his introduction. He also maintained his eccentricities. He never liked to be spoken to in the

elevator, not even to have anybody say, "Good morning." He didn't like anybody to whistle in the corridors. He still remained available when he was in his office. We could walk in to talk. Often he sat there with his head resting on his hand, looking thoughtful, sitting quietly, as if he were prospecting in his thoughts. In his career he had never changed himself or his elements. In his developments he did not become a literary man or an intellectual. In his maturities he remained the journalist par excellence. Within his limited class he was a double paragon. He was born with a kind of genius for being the great editor-journalist as other men might be born lyric poets. Of the two, his endowment was rarer.

Mrs. Mattison

(Continued from page 124)

to Americans—nor to French friends, for that matter. It should only be cooked rare, and most French don't like rare meat. In France lamb is practically the national dish. In Brazil it's no good, so I serve it in Paris to Brazilians.

"All the dinners we do are for ten, or for twelve seated at two round tables for six. The whole point about a dinner is conversation. I never start a dinner with soup. If you have had a drink or two, that is already too much liquid. I go right into the fish course. People get tired of sitting at the table too long.

"One exception to the nosoup rule: When we are no more than four for dinner, I may start with soup, a rich potage paysanne, for instance. Something rather nourishing and very hot. In summer, a cold consommé or madrilène with a little sorbet of tomato.

"For larger dinners, I always start with fish, then a meat course, then salad, several cheeses, and a dessert. I never serve raw fruits. Have you noticed that at any dinner almost nobody eats them?

"For dessert I like the fresh taste of cooked fruit: a tart or a sablé. I never buy fruit, or any foods, out of season. We do our marketing day by day. That's easy in France, as it is in America. We have no freezer. We never even keep our cheese in the icebox. It stays in a cool place swaddled in wet towels.

"Fresh fruit juices are easy with blenders. Even people who have almost no time can make marvellous syrups of, for instance, strawberries. I like to cut heavy cream with a little fresh strawberry juice to give it a slightly acid, fruity taste: a good sauce for apple tart.

"I keep a file of menus, and write on the back the names of the people served in order not to give them the same thing next time. I plan menus once a week, every Monday, but there are always people who arrive suddenly so plans change. If men are coming to luncheon, for instance, I may switch to a mixed grill ... and a sauce diable for people who like something spicy.

"But I really prefer fresh herbs to prepared spices. I'd rather flavour a dish with tarragon than put mustard on the table. Basil, parsley, tarragon—I keep lots of aromatic plants around.

"It's most important that people feel like eating just by looking at the food. Even stewed pears—if you pour over them a little chocolate sauce, then stick grilled almonds to the chocolate sauce, the pears look like little leopards. Very pretty, very simple. People want to try it. Appetite always starts with the eye."

(Continued on page 138)



You can dry his tears

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(Continued from page 137)

Recipes follow for dishes in these menus that are starred.

LUNCHEONS

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Sauce Verte
Longe de Veau Soubise*
Green Salad • Cheeses
Sablé aux Fraises* or
Tartelette Bourdaloue*

Gâteaux de Crêpes Basquaises*
Pintades Poêlées Grand'Mère
Jardinière
Salade Mimosa
Pamplemousses Givrés,
Sauce Cerise

Filets de Soles aux Concombres*

Jambon de York Feuilleté

Epinards Veloutés

Cheeses

Tarte Tatin

Gougeonnettes de Soles,
Sauce Gribiche
Aiguillette de Boeuf Printanière
Lettuce Purée
Romaine Salad • Cheeses
Savarin aux Fraises

DINNERS

Filets de Sole Cuba*
Longe de Veau Poêlée
à la Gendarme*
Cheeses • Glace Josephine

Filets de Sole Murat
Longe de Veau Poêlée
à la Gendarme*
Salade de Mâche • Cheeses
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Filets de Sole Cuba*

Jambon de Prague Etuvé

au Porto

Abricots au Brandy

Crème d'Epinards aux Raisins

Lettuce Hearts • Cheeses

Glace Pistache, Sauce Chocolat

Longe de Veau Soubise

Brown loin of veal in a casserole until it is golden—cover and cook until done. When it is done, cut it in slices and spread each slice with a purée of onions. Cover the reshaped loin of veal with more onion purée, sprinkle with grated cheese, and brown in the oven. Serve with celery hearts and potatoes sprinkled with parsley. Use the stock from the veal as an accompanying sauce. Could also be served with watercress purée, which is excellent with veal.

Filets de Sole à la Cuba for four

3/4 pound mushrooms with stems,
minced or ground
1 small onion minced
1/2 cup butter (approximate)
1/3 cup heavy cream
Grated nutmeg
Salt and pepper
3 cups hot riced potatoes
1 egg

4 large filets of sole Court bouillon made from:

I cup dry white wine, I medium onion chopped, I stalk celery chopped, 3 sprigs parsley, I small bay leaf, pinch thyme, 4 peppercorns

1 cup hollandaise sauce

4 mushroom caps cooked in butter

Stew the mushrooms and onion in ½ cup butter for about 8 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add cream and nutmeg, salt, and pepper to taste. Reserve.

Beat the hot riced potatoes with the egg, add 3 tablespoons butter, and reserve.

Bring the court bouillon ingredients to a boil with 2 cups water and simmer 20 minutes. Butter a large skillet with remaining tablespoon of butter and arrange filets of sole in the skillet. Pour over enough strained cooled court bouillon to cover fish. Season with salt and pepper. Bring to a simmer. poach gently for 8-10 minutes, or until fish flakes when tested with a fork. Meanwhile make a bed of the mushroom purée in an oven-to-table dish. Remove fish carefully from the skillet and arrange on mushrooms. Cover fish with hollandaise, place the duchess potatoes in a pastry bag with a large rosette tip. Make a decorative ring around the fish. Top fish with mushroom caps; place briefly under the broiler until golden. Serve immediately.

Longe de Veau à la Gendarme

Lard a loin of veal lengthwise with pistachio nuts and thin strips of smoked beef tongue, with the help of a skewer. Brown it in the oven with herbs, moistened with port wine and veal stock. When the meat is done,

strain the juices and thicken slightly. Slice across the direction of the larding, so that each slice is sprinkled with little dots of red and green. Serve with artichoke hearts Clamart, oven-baked tomatoes, and braised lettuce hearts. Could also be served with purée of celery.

Crêpes Basquaises

Make pancakes, salted and peppered, using a good crêpe recipe. Prepare a "fondue" of tomatoes and green peppers by cooking them in a pan with a little fat and simmering them until all water is evaporated.

Spread the fondue mixed with a little bechamel on the pancakes, stacking them up one on top of the other. Finish the cake with grated cheese and brown in the oven.

Soles aux Concombres

Poach filets of sole in a fish broth made with white wine (see court bouillon recipe above). Sprinkle sliced cucumbers with salt, let stand 25 minutes, and press out excess moisture. Mix cucumbers with fresh sour cream. Put the cucumbers on a serving platter so that they form a bed. Put the filets of sole on top and cover with a cream-andmustard sauce mixed with chopped chives. Decorate with peeled halves of lemon (the white part of the peels should be removed). Serve very cold.

Sablé aux Fraises for four or six

1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup sugar
3/4 cup butter
2 egg yolks
Ice water
1/2 cup currant jelly
4 cups sliced strawberries
2 cups whipped cream, sweet-

 $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted flour

2 cups whipped cream, sweetened and flavoured with vanilla, kirsch, or maraschino Powdered sugar

Resift the flour, salt, and ½ the sugar together and make a pastry working in butter and egg yolks. Add ice water by the teaspoon only if necessary to bind pastry together. Knead very briefly on a lightly floured board

to blend ingredients. Chill 30 minutes. Roll out to 1/4 inch thickness and cut three or four 8-inch rounds of pastry. (Pastry may have to be rolled out thinner for 4.) Place on buttered cookie sheets and bake in a preheated 400° oven for about 12-15 minutes or until golden. Cool. Slice washed strawberries, or cut in half; cover with remaining sugar. At serving time, place a round of pastry on the serving dish, spread with currant jelly, and cover with a layer of strawberries; repeat with remaining pastry, jelly, and fruit, ending with pastry. Sprinkle liberally with powdered sugar and surround with whipped cream. Apple butter or apricot preserves may replace the currant jelly.

Tartelette Bourdaloue for eight

Make one recipe of pastry as for Sablés aux Fraises (above) and chill it well. Roll out ½ inch thick and make rounds to fit the outside of buttered 3-inch tart moulds; have pastry extend ½ inch beyond the edge of the mould. Prick well with fork. Set on buttered cookie sheets, bake in a preheated 425° oven for 10–15 minutes or until deep gold. Cool and remove from moulds carefully—tart shells are very delicate. For less delicate pastry, use 3 tablespoons sugar.

Pastry cream made from:

6 egg yolks, ¾ cup sugar, 5 tablespoons flour, 1½ cups milk, 2 pieces vanilla bean or 2 teaspoons extract, ¼ cup maraschino liqueur.

4-5 pear halves poached in heavy syrup (may be canned) drained and sliced

3/4 cup apricot preserves, heated and strained

Beat egg yolks and sugar until thick and light. Beat in flour and add strained milk scalded with vanilla bean. Stir constantly. Cook in the top of a double boiler over 1 inch simmering water until very smooth and thick. Cool slightly and add liqueur.

Fill tart shells $\frac{2}{3}$ full with pastry cream, arrange slices of pear over pastry cream and coat with apricot preserves.

(Continued from page 88)

drown. "David was staying in our house in Connecticut and had gone into the swimming pool. I suddenly saw him struggling in the water and I thought, ho ho, David is making a satirical attack on drowning. Then he went under. When he went under for a third time, I decided he was serious and pulled him out. David said he had 'failed to make the swimming motions.'"

While the pundits are still busy investigating the satire movement which swept England in the early 1960's, the men whose names were attached to satire (still telling jokes, some of them the same jokes, still parodying life in swinging Britain) know it was nothing less than a Cook take-over. John Wells, whose superb imitation on television of President de Gaulle trussed for the lunatic asylum recently caused an official protest from France, said: "We pinched his jokes and imitated his style, and yet the central supply of inspiration appears to be inexhaustible."

Wells is the co-author with Richard Ingrams, the editor of Private Eye, of a regular column for that magazine called "Mrs. Wilson's Diary," in which Prime Minister Wilson's wife is drawn as a chatty housewife of unerring suburban taste. It's rather snobbish, and a comedy based on it is now running in London with great success.

Occasionally, Cook contributes, as at the time of the Wilsons' first visit to Paris to meet President de Gaulle, this: "At last we were at the Palace and set off along a very long red carpet towards a distant dim shrine with candles, while solemn organ music played. The air was heavy with incense and shafts of light fell on to the rich flooring through the stainedglass windows. The General was seated at the far end of the long vaulted hall. He raised his hands in a Gallic gesture and in ringing tones declaimed, 'Partez, perfide Albion.' Harold and I stood dumbfounded for a moment, not knowing quite what to do. But then, as we turned and tiptoed towards the door, we

heard the General intone the words Après moi, le déluge, followed by a metallic clank and the sound of rushing waters. It was then that we realized that we had inadvertently stumbled into 'the smallest room.'"

In 1962, Cook bought Private Eye, a fortnightly magazine with a present circulation of 47,000, and extended its dimensions by making news items incidental to his own fantasy. At the same time he induced serious radical writers like Claud Cockburn to contribute. He usually defers to its editor, Ingrams, an Upper-Class eccentric who defends anarchy as seriously as does Cook. An angry letter from a critic demanding: "When are you going to develop a point of view" is proudly pinned to the wall of Ingrams's office. The office is an exceedingly dank and ravaged room overlooking Greek Street in Soho. Here once or twice a week Peter Cook strides up and down, improvising the magazine, encouraged and abetted by Ingrams, who sits at a stalwart desk in a rotting corduroy jacket and takes down the words. These arrive, medium fashion, from Cook, whose face contorts as he delivers syllable by syllable a name like Sir Basil Nardly-Stoads, Chief Rammer of the Seductive Brethren, or Rhandhi P'Hurr, whose memoirs sent up Hinduism two years before the Maharishi converted the Beatles.

Ingrams thinks Cook is too "sex-orientated: He sees wage restraint in terms of masturbation" and objects to the way Cook mixes pornography and religion. Ingrams also feels he's too American-orientated, referring to Cook's passion for Lenny Bruce and admiration for *The Realist*. But their friendship seems very solid.

One of Cook's protégés on Private Eye is an Australian actor and comedian, Barry Humphries. He contributes a scatological strip cartoon about a crassly innocent Australian who describes vomiting as a "Technicolor yawn" and everything else unprintably. The strip has become a cult, and Humphries too: "Cook's fantasy grows like coral. He'll start with a cliché like, 'It must be terrible to be the

(Continued on page 140)

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Queen' or, 'Isn't it funny how the Germans produced both concentration camps and Beethoven'—but he'll get Beethoven wrong and substitute Da Vinci, and go off from there. He has probably produced sentences longer than those of Sir Osbert Sitwell. I don't think he's very conscious of the process but he likes to please. He's also a highly moral entertainer.

"There's no nicotine on his fingers. He never has a hang-over. There's a certain austerity about him. You know, you can tell at first sight if someone looks like their father or their mother. Well, Peter looks like his auntie."

Nicholas Garland, who draws the strip for Humphries's words and has directed shows at The Establishment for Cook, said: "Peter can now choose what he'll do, whether he'll be a performer, a publisher, or a producer. He said to me the other day that he admired Orson Welles and Peter Ustinov not for what they do but for what they are, that they could afford to fail on a gigantic scale and survive, that they take risks. You know there's this view about the famous Portland Vase in the British Museum that it's improved since it was smashed. Well, Peter has not yet been smashed."

Reeling a little from this praise, I went to see John Bird, the most politically conscious of the group, famous for his imitations of Harold Wilson and George Brown. He appeared in New York and at the London Establishment club, and has recently run two television series. "I am," he said, "continually filled with rage at Peter's never failing to think of a joke. He seems to be plugged into some central joke bank. He does have a fear of getting too cluttered or intellectual. And his reaction is to keep his material private and ingrown. By insisting he's not a satirist he deprives himself of good material."

Cook's reaction is that you can make people aware of absurdities but you can't make them any more humane: "Satire never changed my mind."

Though suspicious of opin-

ion mongers, Cook recently signed a pro-Israel advertisement in the London *Times*. But that was under pressure, at three in the morning, and he hasn't signed anything since.

He did agree recently to confront a Church of England clergyman at his local church in Hampstead. Climbing into the pulpit, Cook declared: "I have no belief in God's infinite plan and I feel sorry for some of the animals. What about the dinosaur with a brain the size of a pea?" To which the cleric replied that the dinosaur must have been one of God's doodlings.

This led to an ineffectual argument about the necessity of opposites, and when Cook started commiserating with the Devil, the clergyman hopefully changed the subject to sex. It was theatre of embarrassment, all the more since Cook was not there to be facetious.

Cook visits youth clubs, and this public service aspect seems to fit in with his background. His father was a Colonial officer in Africa, now retired to an English seaside resort where he and his wife support the Conservative Party. Cook went to a minor public school, Radley, where he invented the embryo of his famous schizophrenic character. "The voice," he explained, "was partly taken from a school servant called Boylett, who gave vent to philosophical remarks while serving us at High Table, and was full of terrible innuendoes like: 'There's plenty more where that came from, if you get my meaning."

He got himself excused from military service because of an allergy to feathers, and took up a scholarship at Cambridge where he read Modern Languages. He contributed to a West End revue, *Pieces of Eight*, shone brightly in undergraduate revues, while the rest of Cambridge copied his accents and admired his banter.

After the success of Beyond the Fringe and The Establishment clubs, he started The New Theatre in New York with David Balding; they also put on the

first American productions of The Knack, The Ginger Man, and Serjeant Musgrave's Dance. In New York, he married Wendy, his extremely pretty wife, and they have two daughters.

While in America, he met and fell for Lenny Bruce, brought him to the London Establishment for a four-week season, fended off attacks-mostly physical—from incensed members of the audience, and searched London for cream buns to satisfy Bruce's passion for them. "What Bruce said was daring and revealing," said Cook, "but it was his funniness that most impressed me rather than his crusading spirit. He was a very gentle person." Cook admires the Marx Brothers, Abbott and Costello, the English comic Frankie Howerd (whom he put back into orbit at The Establishment club), and "anyone who can tell a wisecrack—which I'm incapable of doing."

He's all for swinging London and hippies and wouldn't mind being a West Coast blond god ("though I would be coming in on a piddling little wave"). He's mad about soccer and follows his favourite team, Tottenham Hotspurs, around the country.

He gets quite worked up about the Devil being excluded from Heaven for wanting to be like God, but the film he wrote about this, Bedazzled, turns out to be jokes rather than theology. He's turned down playing a young photographer opposite Brigitte Bardot, can't quite see himself as another Cary Grant, and has no intention of appearing in "films that 'savagely poke fun at all we hold most dear." In Dandy in Aspic he played a straight part ("a floating indeterminate person, played by me with stunning authenticity") and is being unwittingly proposed for the lead in a film about Byron.

What he really wants to do is to write and perform his own film with Dudley Moore—the subject, quackery: "Something rather nasty about rejuvenation, acupuncture, and spiritualism." I hope the money men will let him have his way.

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(Continued from pages 122-123; other news, yardages, detail)



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